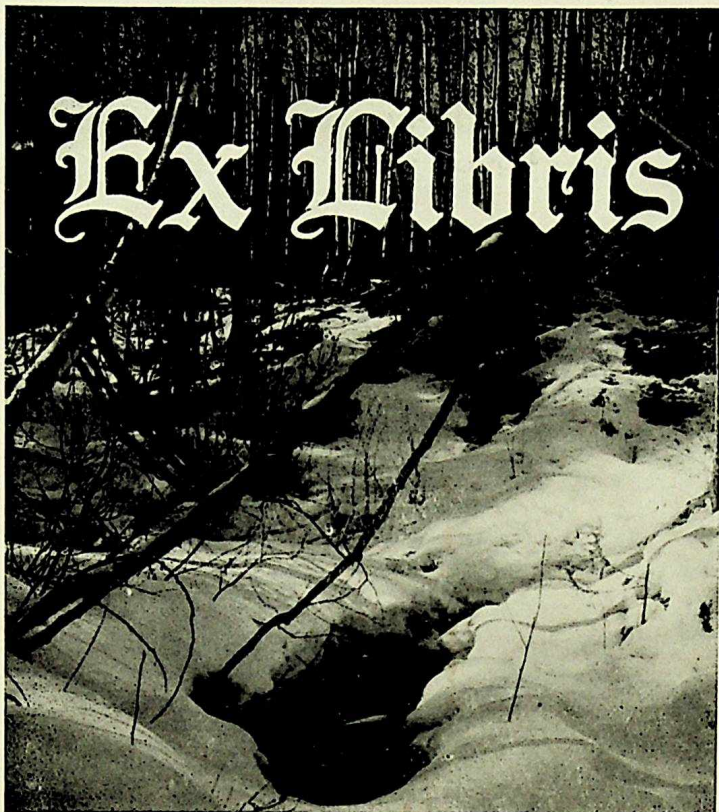


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The GARNEAU

Tenth
Anniversary
1936-37





Editor-in-Chief
DONALD M. MORRISON

Advertising Manager
WILLIAM BARONSFEATHER

Circulation Manager
ALAN WILSON



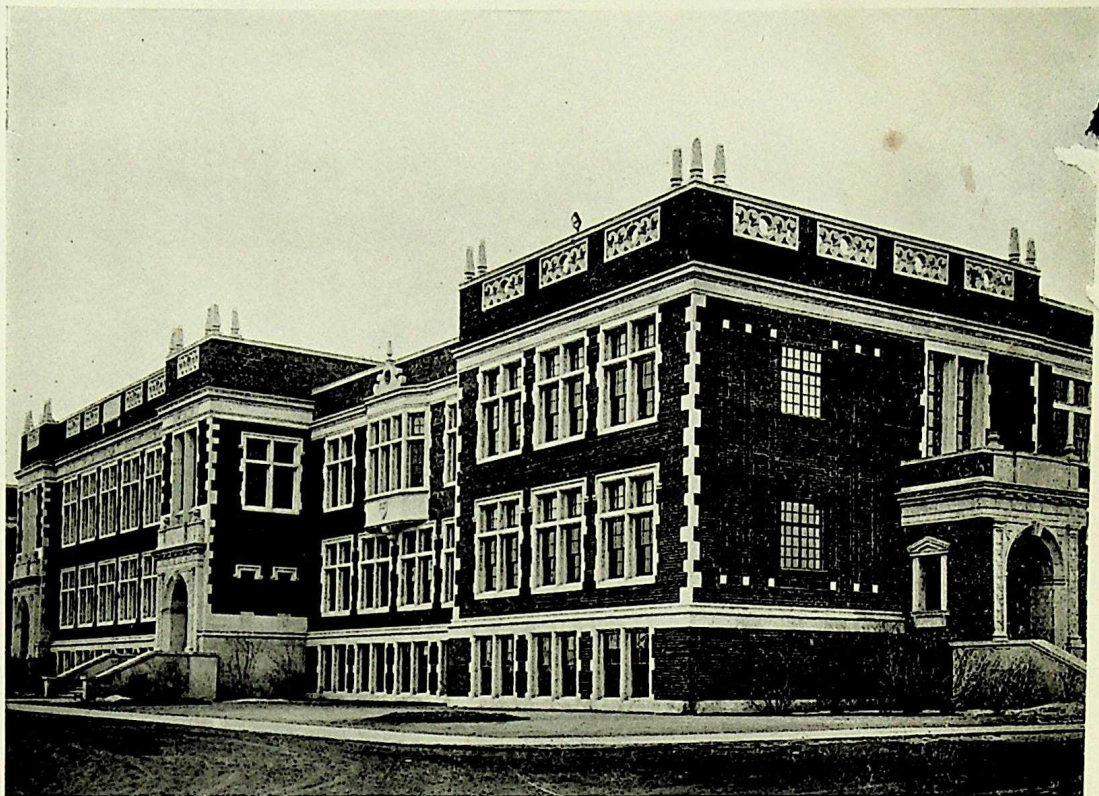
Dedication

☞ *To Garneau High School, upon the
successful realization of its*

Centh Anniversary

*we, the Staff, respectfully Dedicate this
volume of The Garneau.*





The GARNEAU

1936 - 37



Published by the Students of
GARNEAU HIGH SCHOOL
at Edmonton, Canada



Foreword

THE publication of this volume symbolizes the ending of another school year. It represents the completion of the first decade in the life of Garneau High School.

The year 1937 also commemorates another anniversary. Our Principal, Mr. Robertson, is completing his thirtieth year as an educator, his tenth at Garneau.

It is to be hoped that this book will serve, in the years to come, to recall to you pleasant memories of life within these halls; pleasant memories of life in conjunction with this great, friendly man. May Garneau and Mr. Robertson continue together towards such another happy decade, and yet another.



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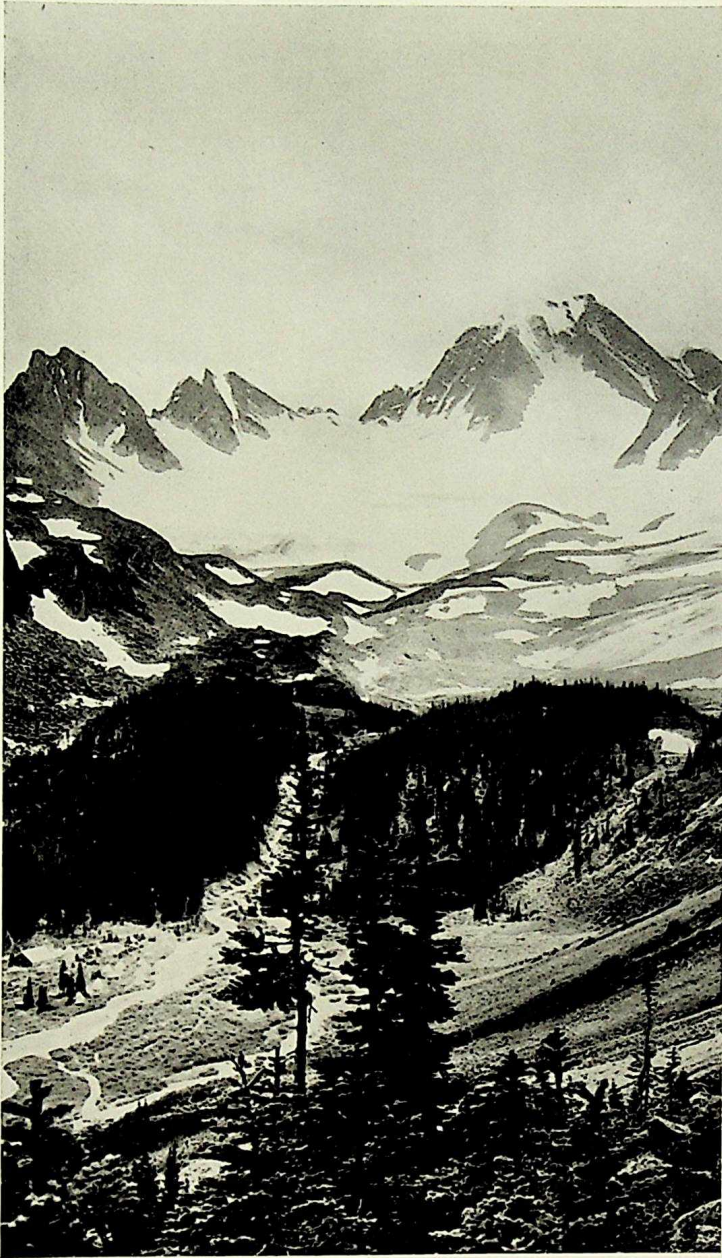
Lee Kenney.

Betty Bower

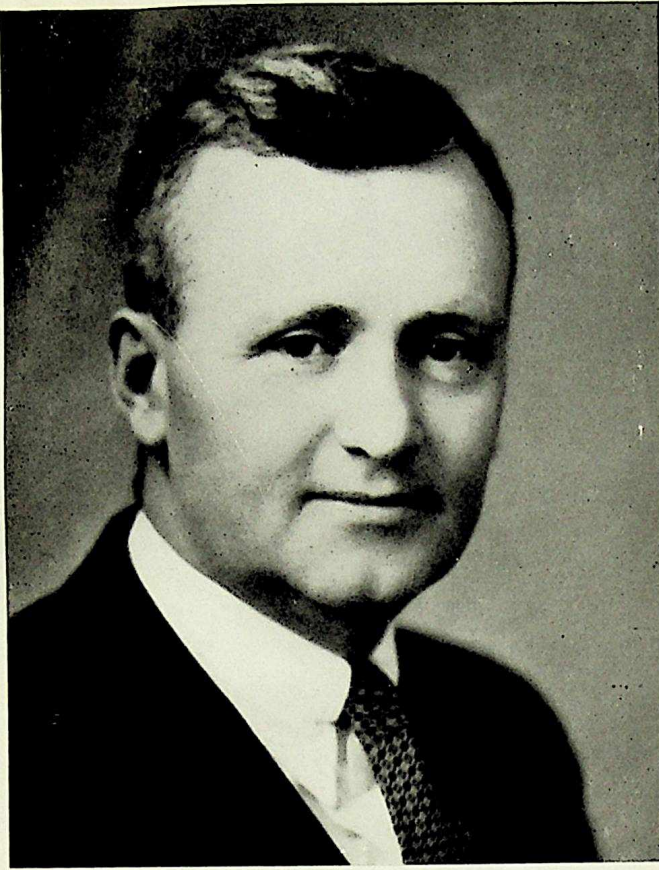
Douglas Jamieson.

William

Howard



Faculty



G. W. ROBERTSON, M.A.
PRINCIPAL

Principal's Message

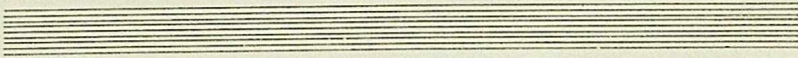
GARNEAU HIGH SCHOOL has completed its tenth year. It is impossible in a short space to make even a brief review of its history or of its activities. A serious attempt has been made to make the school a part of life, to educate the boys and girls for living. The aim has been to humanize all the activities, curricular and extra-curricular, thus bringing into the school the "family spirit" and true comradeship between student and teacher.

If this aim has been accomplished we have justified our existence, our efforts have been worth while, and you, the members of the Graduating Class will remember this feeling of fine fellowship long after you have forgotten your trials in Latin or Algebra.

The members of Class '37 about to graduate have always shown a high spirit of honor. We look forward to your success with confidence and high expectation as you leave our halls.

In later years you will look back to the various incidents that occurred during your school days; you will recall varied memories, some happy, some not so happy, but our greatest wish for you is that the former will far outweigh the latter.

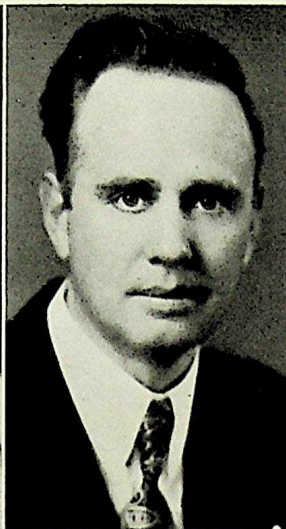
"Farewell and stand fast."





MISS D. DILLER
M.A.

D. Diller



M. ROOKWOOD
M.A.



H. D. AINLAY
B.A.



MISS M. S. SIMPSON
M.Sc., B.Educ.

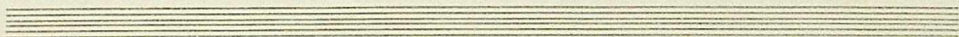


MISS E. M. CATO
M.A.

TEACHERS

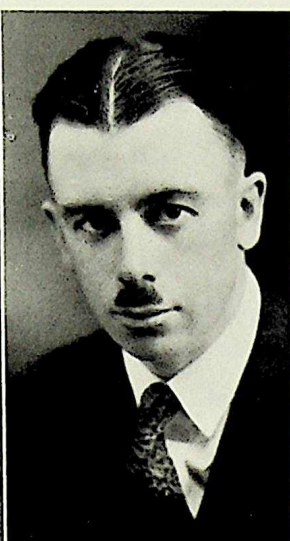
WHAT a magical word! The thousands of immortal memories and scenes that are at once recalled when we hear that expression! Some of them present vivid pictures while others are more hazy and frequently less gratifying.

On the whole, however, I believe that every pupil recognizes and respects the sacrifices made for them by the members of the staff year after year. In fact so consistent is their service that they are soon taken for granted. It is not until a teacher is confined at home on account of illness, that we realize the magnitude





R. V. CLARK
B.Sc.



D. R. INNES
M.A.



C. BURCHELL
B.A.

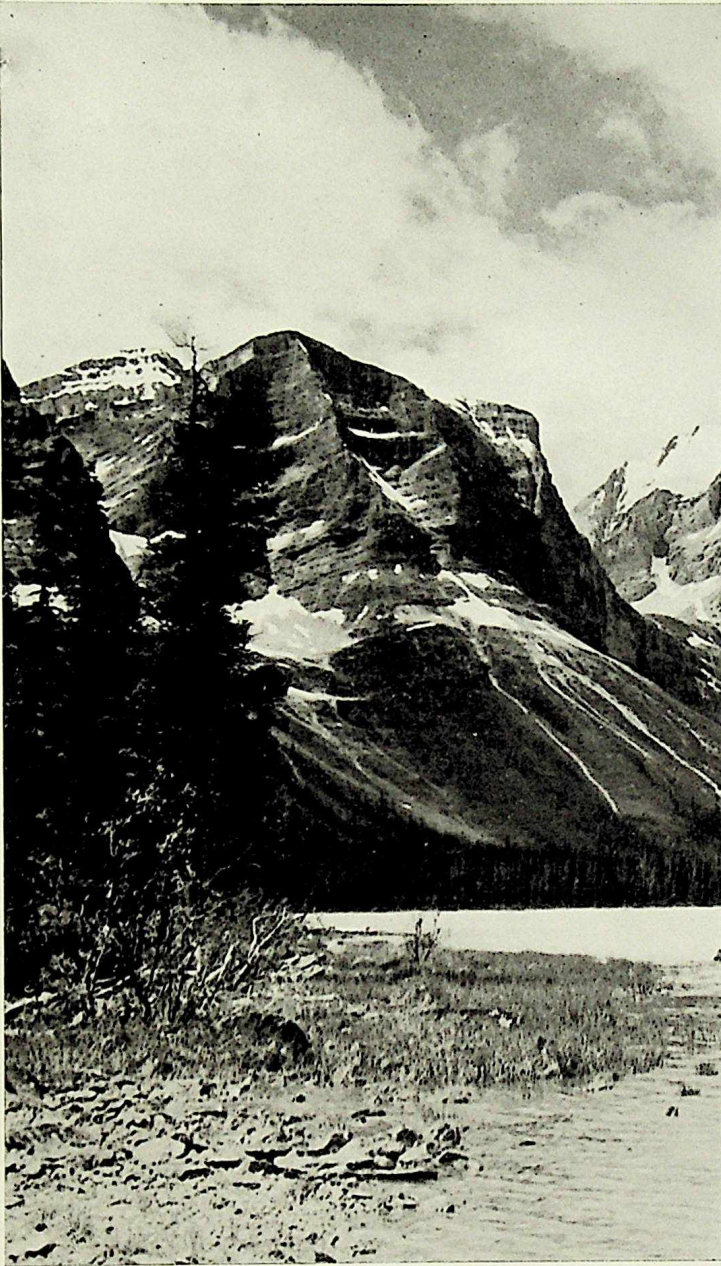


A. J. HEYWOOD
M.A.

of our debt to him; immediately everything in connection with his school work is thrown into confusion; system disappears and chaos reigns. When he returns, although there may be not outward signs of pleasure, I think that in their hearts, the students are more than satisfied when the regular routine is once again observed.

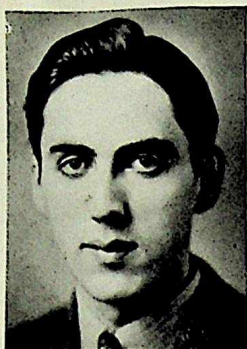
Garneau can boast of some of the finest athletes and brilliant scholars in the High Schools of Edmonton, and nine out of ten of these have been developed, coached, advised, instructed and taught by one of the finest body of teachers that any school has been fortunate enough to secure.

—RHODA WOOD.



Classes

Valedictory



"And let it be, when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself."

And so once more has occurred the annual troubling of the waters of the intellectual pool of Siloam, and another class steps forth to put to the test of new adventure and new experience the vigour and strength gained in our years at Garneau. In a very real way the end of High School days is the end of a distinct period of life, whether we are saying farewell to an educational institution for the last time, or following up our intermediate schooling with further academic studies.

All along the road of the past we have been progressing a step at a time, each step marking off a different phase in our growth and our advancement in life. We entered high school, one great day, as growing girls and boys still undecided whether we wished to take up the tools of a new learning for the toys we had reluctantly laid aside. At first we were often confused as was Alice in Wonderland when the Red Queen said to her, "Yours is a slow sort of country. Now here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else you must run at least twice as fast as that!" But as the years passed, we saw how one subject led to another, how languages helped us in our appreciation of Literature, how Algebra and Geometry led to Trigonometry and how Mathematics helped in the study of Physics. High School years saw us grow more serious, paying more attention to our dress and appearance, more attention to our sports, and though at times, distracting to our teachers, more attention to social activities. In short, during this period we made the greatest step of all, that of changing from teen-age youngsters to mature young men and women.

And now we, the tenth class to graduate from Garneau, are leaving. Some of us, like the timid bather who dips a toe into the cold waters of the deep, and withdraws hastily, have left for short periods already to see what the world has to offer. But these pioneers always come back discouraged, realizing that to fulfil ambitions sound education is needed. For this reason it is hard to say farewell to the school that has been such a good home to us in the past. And, like the aging man, forced to retire from the business he has grown to love, we think back on the jolly times we are leaving, the good companionships to be broken and the better years of our lives now behind us.

Are we afraid of the future? We say, "No!" There has been a depression—seven lean years which will be followed, we are sure, by an equal number of years of plenty. It is a time of uprising. The world is rustling with renewed activity around us. We feel that at last, perhaps, we have found that mythical corner around which prosperity lies and with the education afforded us at Garneau, we are well armed.

—JOHN EDY BROWNLEE.

THE GRADUATING CLASS

KARL I. AALBORG

CAROLE ALGAR

LLOYD ALGAR

WILLIAM C. ALLIN

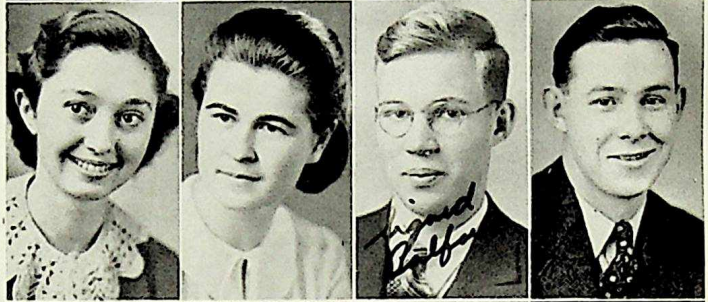


VERA M. ALLIN

EDITH ASH

SIGURD G. BALFOUR

W. BARONSFEATHER

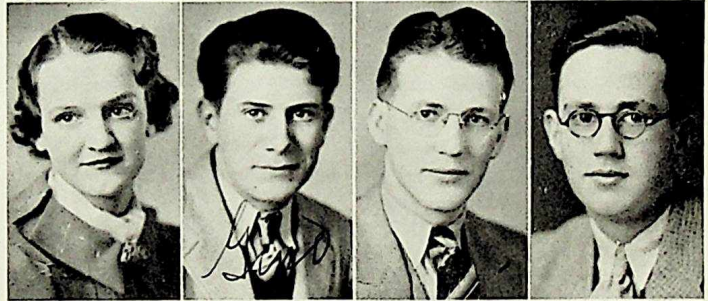


ELEANORE BARRETT

GENO BATTAGIN

MARIO BATTAGIN

MALCOLM BOW

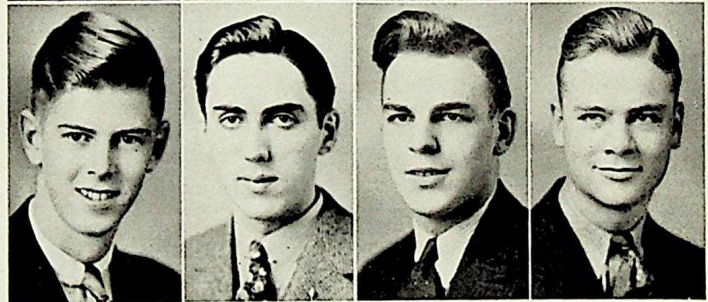


BRUCE BROWN

JOHN E. BROWNLEE

BRYSON BURROWS

GRAHAM CAMPBELL



ELIZABETH CASWELL

JAMES CHALMERS

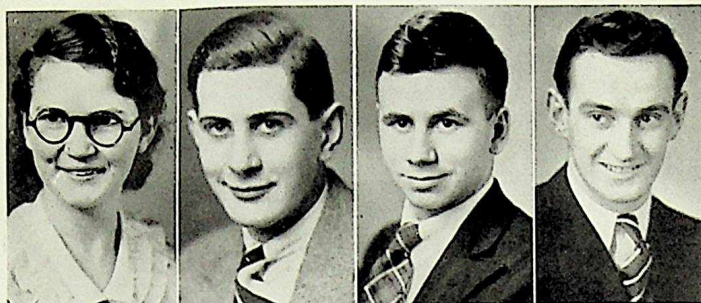
ELVIN CHRISTENSON

TED COHEN



Elvin Christenson

THE GRADUATING CLASS

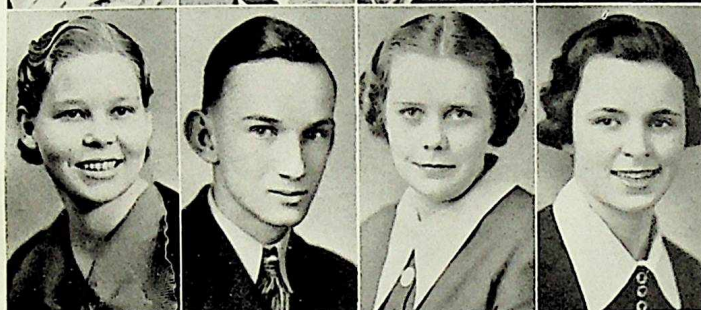


DOROTHY COOK

RALPH D. COUPER

LEO CULLEN

NEIL CUTHBERTSON



ALICE M. DALEN

HUGH D. DAVIDSON

ORA DAVIDSON

HELEN DAY

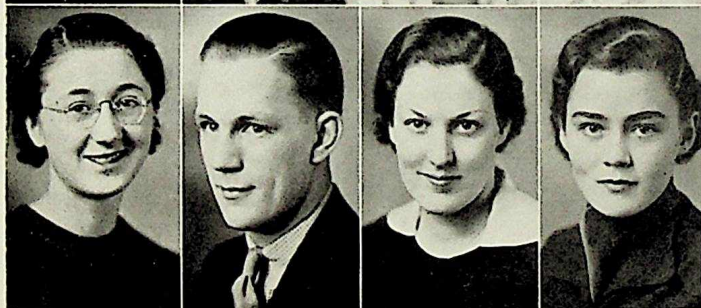


JACK DAY

JIMMY DEAN

MONA DONCASTER

PHYLLIS M. ELLIOTT

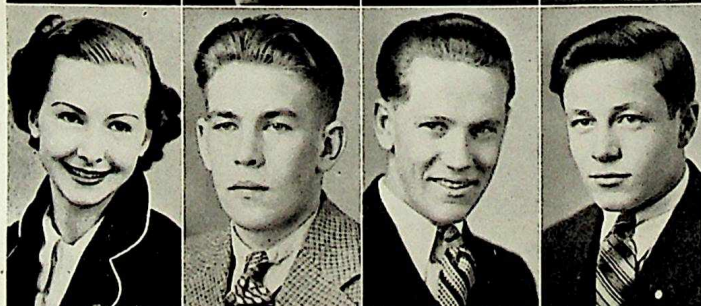


VENETIA M. FALLOW

JOHN L. FONGER

ANNE GAIR

RUTH E. GILCHRIST



BARBARA GILLMAN

WILLIAM GOSLING

ARNOLD H. HARRIS

CHARLIE HARVIE

THE GRADUATING CLASS

HORACE HERLIHY

EVELYN HILLAS

RUTH HOBECK

GRANT HOLLENBACK

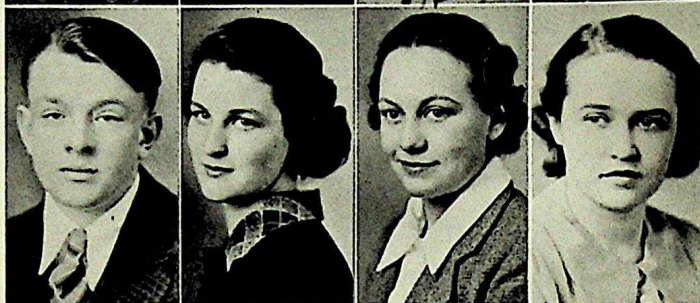


JAMES W. HOOPER

ISABEL A. HOWSON

ALICE HUNT

PRIMROSE HYNDMAN

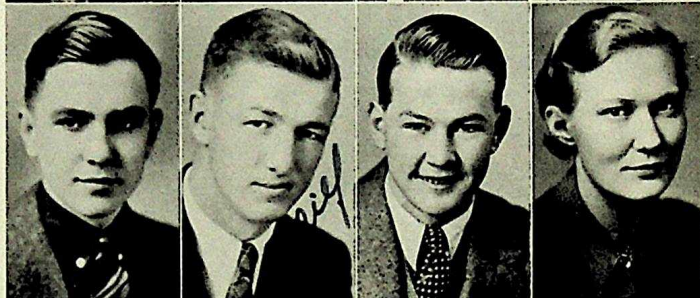


ROBERT A. IRWIN

WILFRED IRWIN

JACK JACKSON

VIRGINIA JACKSON

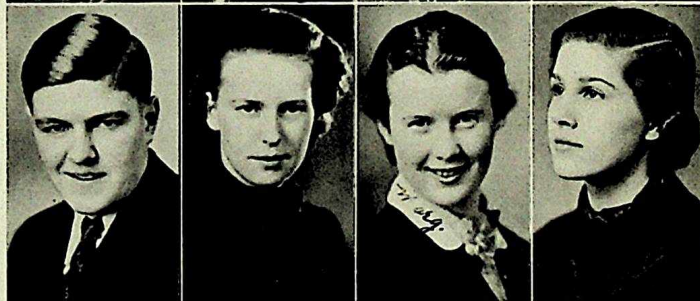


DONALD JACQUEST

DOROTHY KAUFMAN

MARGARET KEILLOR

SYLVIA KIRKPATRICK



AUDREY E. LADLER

RAYMOND LEASK

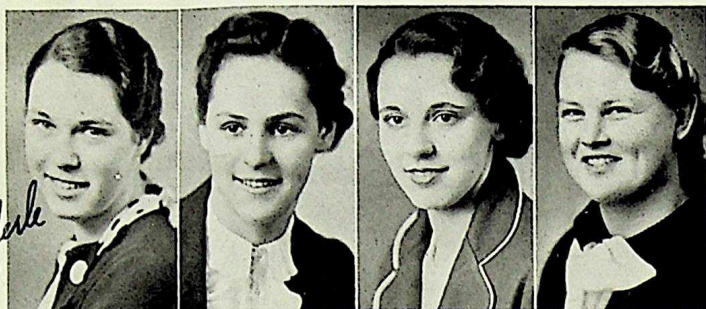
WINNIE LEITH

WILLIAM LEONARD



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THE GRADUATING CLASS



MERLE LEPPARD

LESLIE LOCKERBIE

EILEEN LONGMAN

GLADYS LUND

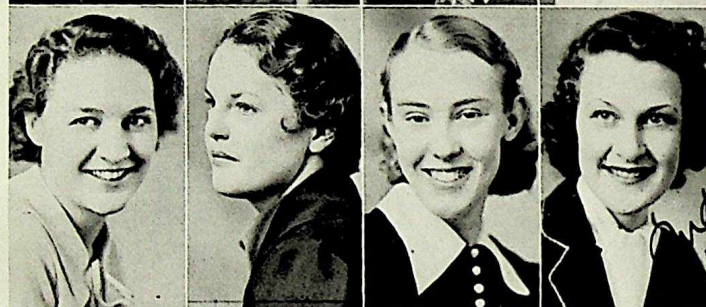


PEGGY MALLOY

MARGARET MASSIE

NORMAN McCALLUM

LILLIAN M. McGAVIN



DORIS E. McPHERSON

DORIS McWHIRTER

DOROTHY MERRICK

VIRGINIA MILLER



MAURICE MITCHELL

DONALD M. MORRISON

LAURA M. NICKERSON

PATRICIA NORRIS



CAMPBELL OWER

PERCY POWERS

TILLIE RADKE

GILBERTE RENTIERS

C. Ower

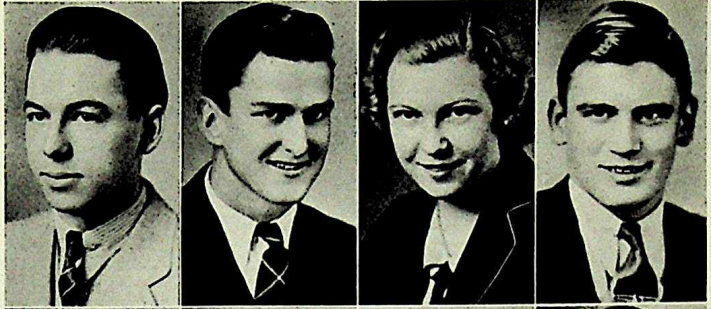
THE GRADUATING CLASS

DONALD K. ROBERTSON

DONALD ROSE

ISABELL L. ROSS

KENNETH RYMER

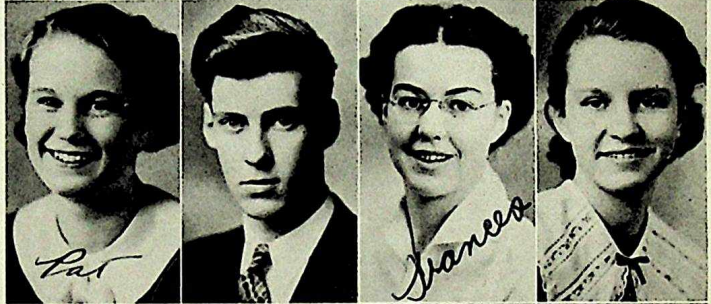


PATRICIA C. SCOTT

PHILLIP G. SCOTT

FRANCES J. SHAW

PHYLLIS SHERWIN



DONALD SMITH

VIRGINIA SMITH

EILEEN STUART

GEORGE STUART

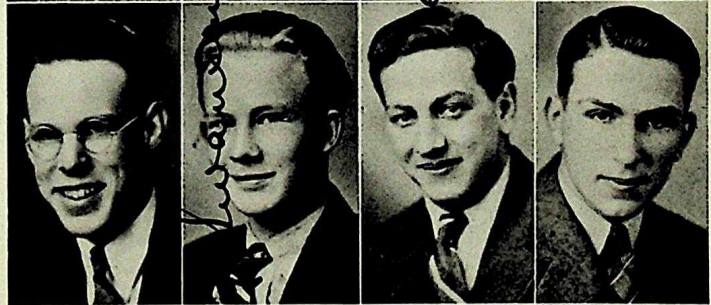


GORDON SUTHERLAND

JOHN SWANSON

CHARLIE TARNOW

JAMES WALKER

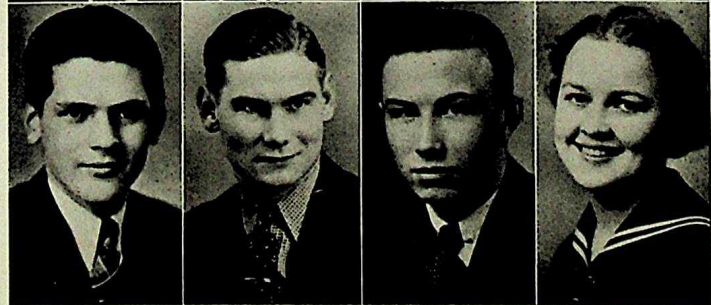


ALBERT WARSHAUSKI

WILLIAM WIGGINS

KENNETH WIGHT

RHODA M. WOOD



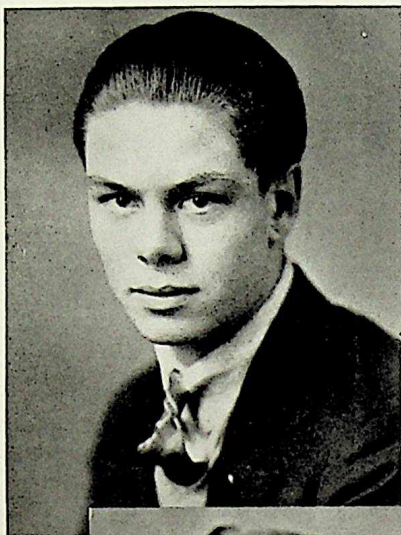
GRADE ELEVEN CLASS



GRADE TEN CLASS

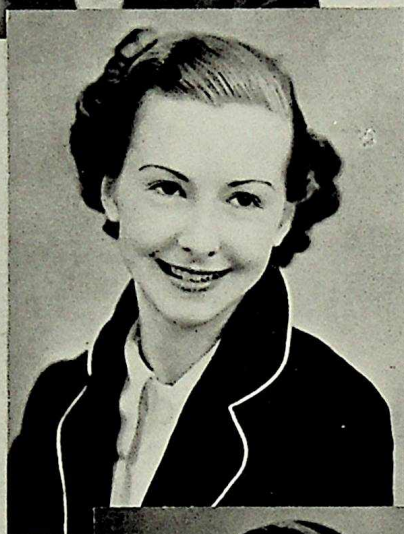


GENERAL PROFICIENCY AWARDS



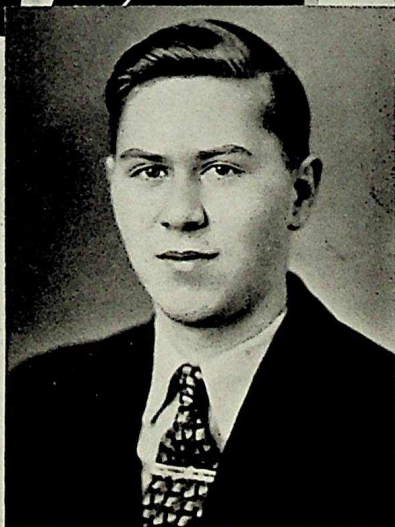
JACK BARCLAY:

Junior Rugby, '37.
Bantam Rugby, '36.
Senior Basketball, '37.
Track, '37.
Boxing, '37, '36.
Year Play, '37.
Academic Standing, '37.



BARBARA GILLMAN:

Junior Basketball, '37, '36.
Track, '37.
Academic Standing, '37.



GEORGE STUART:

Junior Rugby, '37.
Senior Hockey, '37.
Junior Hockey, '36.
Academic Standing, '37.

ACADEMIC AWARDS

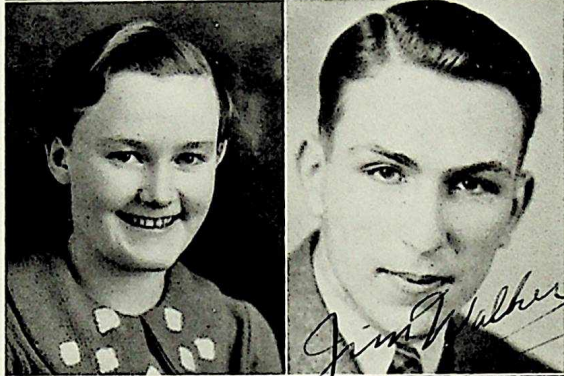
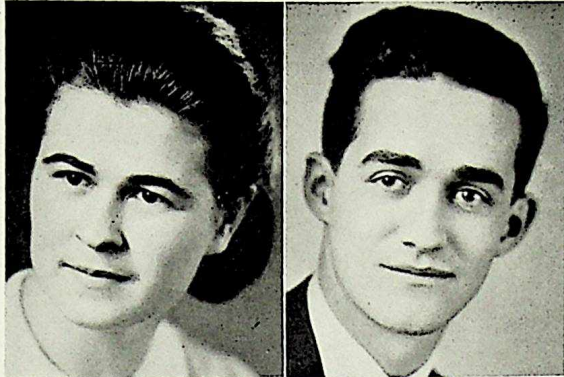
GRADE XII—

EDITH ASH

RAYMOND LEASK

PATRICIA NORRIS

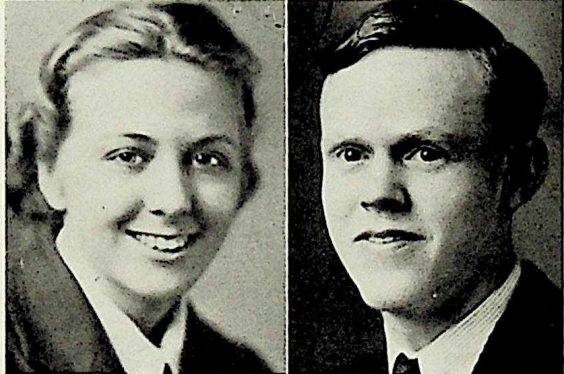
JAMES WALKER



GRADE XI—

KATHERINE LISTER

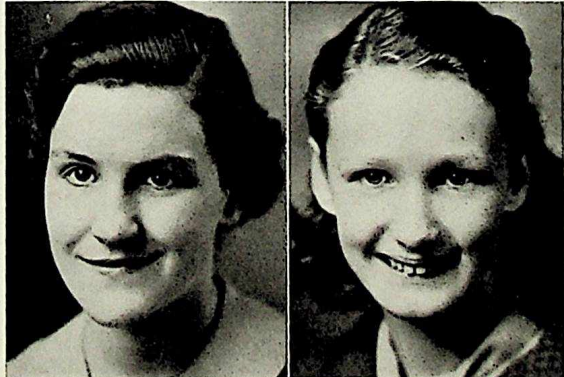
ROBERT ROSS



GRADE X—

BARBARA MASON

ELSIE TANNER



ROBERT TEGLER SCHOLARSHIP



Audrey, brilliant daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. A. E. Ladler, was born in Calgary in 1920. Moving to Edmonton she received her Public School training at the Normal Practice and went on to Garneau High. It was soon seen that Audrey had great academic ability, for she has had no trouble in topping the Quartile Sheet. The high standing she acquired during Grades IX, X, XI, won for her the Robert Tegler Scholarship, presented to the student obtaining the highest average in these grades.

This year Audrey deviated from the path of deeper study and entered other activities. We next saw her in the leading feminine role in the Dramatic Club's latest major production, "Charley's Aunt." As an outside interest Audrey pursues the fascinating hobby of stamp-collecting. We feel sure that Audrey's future holds great promise.

THE WEES CUP



Born in Edmonton in 1919, Gordon Asher, winner of the Wees Cup, and a 1935 Robert Tegler scholar, has led a successful academic career. Gordon has had all his schooling in the city, attending McKay Avenue Public School and Garneau High. He won the Robert Tegler Scholarship in 1935, having attained an average of over 87% for Grades IX, X, XI. His average of 93.1% in the June Finals, 1936, won for him Garneau's highest scholastic honour, the Wees Cup. At University, Gordon is taking a natural science course, specializing in chemistry. In addition to his studies, Gordon fills in his freer moments with skating, badminton and swimming.

HUGH A. SHARON PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

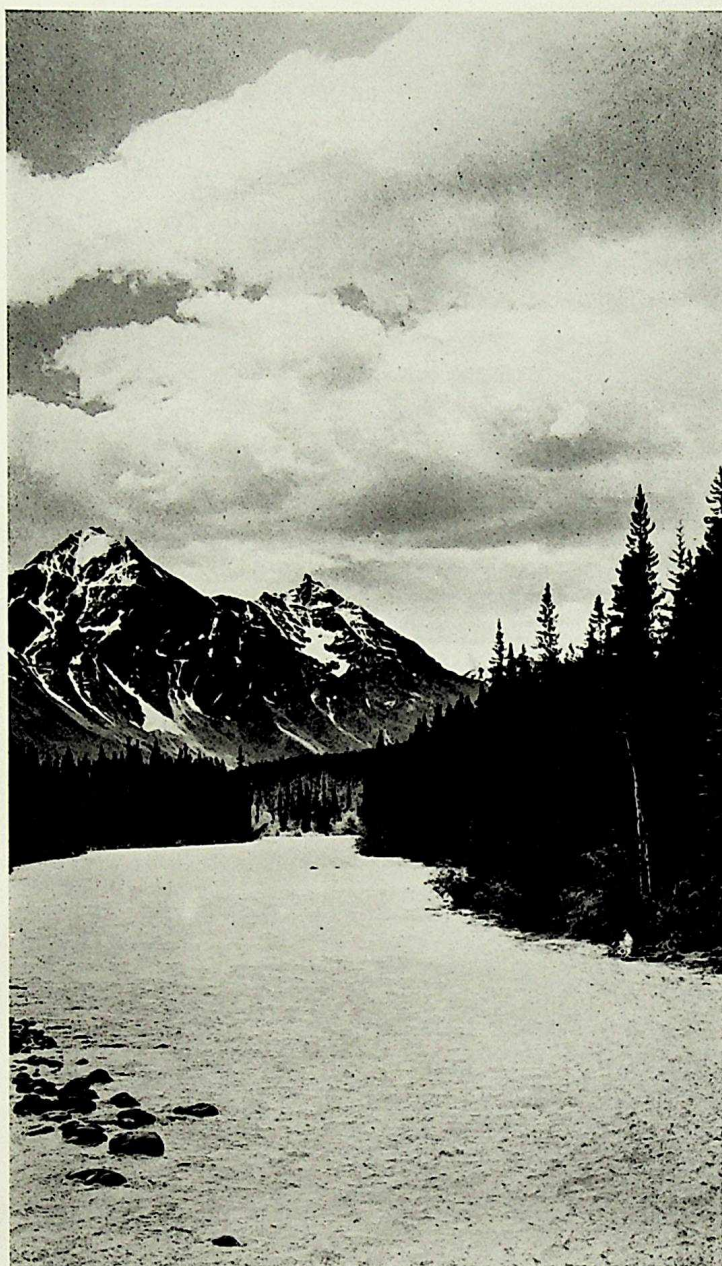
Donald Jacquest, authority in our school on all things pertaining to the British Navy, was Garneau's representative in the Hugh A. Sharon Public Speaking Contest, February 19th. This well-informed lad, who, incidentally, is able to argue pro and con on practically any subject, delivered an excellent speech on "The British Defence Plan." While he did not quite make first place (which fell to Margaret McClory, Westmount) he did succeed in carrying away second place honors for Garneau. This was Donald's first attempt at public speaking, outside of those delightful Composition IV classroom orations which we all have to struggle through. Donald's early success, along with his interest in world affairs seems to mark him for a successful public speaker. His ability to argue on both sides of a question, will doubtless fit him for the political field. Since the practice of giving a gold, silver and bronze medal to those winning first, second and third places has been discontinued, it seems only right that Donald's capture of second place should be commemorated in "The Garneau". May he keep up the good work.



In Memoriam

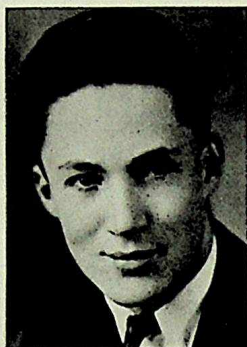
JOHN DRUMMOND

The student body of Garneau High School were grieved to hear of the untimely passing of an ex-student, Jack Drummond. "The Garneau" takes this opportunity of extending to his parents the heartfelt sympathy of Garneau High School.



Executives

The President's Message



As the term draws to a close, one cannot help but reflect on the past ten months of book-browsing and social overtures, seeking to determine if the time has been well spent.

A first and lasting impression is the unique position our school holds in respect to others of its class. It appears to be destined to great accomplishments, academic and extra-curricular. It has always been a leader among city institutions from the day of its birth, and now, after a period of ten years, it continues to hold sway, the monarch of them all. One cannot avoid being impressed by its vigour, mellowed culture and spontaneous "homishness." There is an air of freedom, tempered with a seriousness, pervading the corridors and classrooms, that has made Garneau the friendly school.

But Garneau has more outstanding traits than its friendliness. School Spirit, the essence of good fellowship, rises to a marked degree in the school that flies the green, gold and black. It, too, is not a childish, blind altruism, but one tempered with common sense and reason, the type that holds steadfast during hours of disappointments and reverses. It reflects admirably the "esprit de corps."

As the old saying goes, "There is a reason for everything." Garneau proves to be no exception. All these things have a definite root, for, "as the king, so is the kingdom."

Back in the days when "Pat" was a pup and Garneau students responded to the tinkling of a handbell, Mr. Robertson was called upon to build a school out of a handful of energetic pupils. The lack of all the modern facilities in Little-old-Garneau-on-the-lane was more than compensated for by the democratic philosophy of its principal. After its first year, it was marked for greatness, for, even then, it displayed ability of leadership. Moulded by a gentle hand, the staff and students captured the new aspect of education and actually led in the ever-changing practice of the profession. Garneau students in those days possessed privileges envied by other schools, even though they were not as extensive as those we now possess. After ten years of steady, fruitful growth, lacking nothing in facilities, we have proved our ability to keep abreast of the times. The credit can be attributed to the master hand of our principal and his efficient staff.

There is something about the Faculty that commands respect. They are human, amiable and democratic. And we have found from our own experience, this respect grows with the years as we leave the school and follow our individual fields of endeavour. They aid appreciably in building the spirit of a "Greater Garneau."

But the final issue lies in the hands of the students themselves, and they acquire the spirit spontaneously.

The combination is perfect. Under such ideal circumstances, Garneau cannot help but grow in spirit, in enviable reputation, and in leadership. May the next decade bring as great advancement as the last did in the building of a "Greater Garneau."

—PERCY POWERS.



STUDENTS' UNION EXECUTIVE

Standing (Left to Right)—Frances Seager, Room Rep.; Bob Grant, Dramatic Rep.; Frances Story, Room Rep.; Major Newson, Room Rep.; Don Morrison, Year Book Rep.; Isabell Ross, Girls' Sport Rep.; Norman McCallum, Boys' Sport Rep.

Sitting—Neil Cuthbertson, Treasurer; Dorothy Kaufman, Room Rep.; Mr. A. J. Heywood, Honorary President; Eileen Longman, Vice-President; Percy Powers, President; Rhoda Wood, Social Director; Bill Drever, Secretary.

Front—John Symes, Room Rep.; Jim Marshall, Room Rep.

Absent—Eileen Stuart, Program Director.

AFTER becoming accustomed to banging our shins on pee-wee desks and having the "first of September shine" stepped off our new shoes (we change periods at our school), and after all the new faces had been "seen," some public-spirited soul deigned it his God-given duty to foist a general election on an otherwise peaceful family. Forthwith the constitution was posted on the bulletin board, and boys and girls flitted around the school with pieces of foolscap in their hands with a peculiar series of hieroglyphics arranged in a line that assumed a general vertical direction. The Progressive Party furthered the "causa bello," and feelings waxed to a molten state, for elections are usually marked by a difference of opinion. However, candidates faced the masses in the auditorium one fine Friday afternoon and released a blast of balloon inflating substance, (they call it gas in the chem. class), that satisfied nobody, especially the electorate and candidates, there being no other principals. Of course we were amused by the young gentlemen with the sandwich boards; they're a quaint sort of people.

Our franchise having been exercised and the generals having been appointed for the ensuing year, we sat patiently with folded arms for something to happen. It did.

The annual hike loomed first on the agenda, but somehow the almanac didn't make a very good job of forecasting the weather for that week and it was called off. In its stead we had an ice cream social and a jig in the gymnasium. That not being enough, we held the Rugby Dance to help defray sundry rugby expenses, which included a broken nose and a slightly damaged wrist. November was polished off with a meeting of the literary society which featured the Dean Dramatory's version of Macbeth, Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, and it was. Then Christmas came with its examinations, and "Lit", which proved to be a happy home-coming party for many graduates, as well as being a student function.

Early in January someone suggested a skating party, but King Winter was in his hey-day and it was no time for little boys and girls to be outside freezing their ears and tootsies. However, hopes were finally precipitated by the middle of February. The month closed amid the thunderous plaudits accorded "Charlie's Aunt," who came back to haunt us, as he did for weeks.

But what term at Garneau would be complete without the "At Home"? Last year's event loomed as an awful apparition to the present term's executive. From the day the dust of the "battle of ballots" had settled, the grand high-potentates were pestered in their sleep, dogged in their tracks, challenged and defied by an ever-present, omnipotent nemesis that whispered in their ears, "You can't beat last year's . . ."

When "Charlie's Aunt" had been carefully packed and shipped back to Brazil where most of "the nuts come from," and the Year Book staff had commenced its serious art, we heard a distant, but distinct rumbling. It proved to be the storm before the sunshine, only the Dance Committee haggling how to put to route their terrible spectre. The tenth annual "At Home" ran its course and became history. But not without leaving its indelible mark as the grandest of them all.

After the Easter "Lit", holidays, and examinations, we were obsessed with that tangle of deep intrigue and secrecy. It primed us perfectly for the most impressive function of the year; the banquet tendered in honour, and respect, of the work of our Principal.

All these things make pleasant memories, but we should review the personnel of that group of young men and women that made it possible. The school, now accustomed to its spacious and becoming facilities, was not confronted with the problems of adaption as the previous term's body. The Union took its office and carried on admirably, benefitting from the experiences of the retired executive.

Led by Percy Powers, as president, and Mr. Heywood, the genial Honorary President, the Council made the best of its opportunities. A demure and capable miss, Eileen Longman did honour to her office as vice-president. The council's scrivener (alias secretary) Bill Drever, more famous for his feats on the rugby field and hockey arena, managed the year without a mishap, obtained all the notes and never slept at one meeting. The exchequer was zealously guarded by Neil Cuthbertson who, on more than one occasion, had wild dreams of figures bobbing up and down before his eyes. Credit for the excellence of our social functions may be laid in the lap of Rhoda Wood, social convenor, who certainly dispatched her task to perfection. Petite Eileen Stuart was the trojan behind the curtains at the "Lits," an unsung heroine. Isabell Ross and Normy MacCallum, girls' and boys' sports representatives carried out their activities, certainly satisfying all concerned in the realm of sports. Bob Grant carried the torch for the Dramatic Club on the council and did it well, while Don Morrison played his role as the editor of "The Garneau." It is to the room representatives that we pay our deepest respect. They're a sturdy band of young men and women who constitute the majority of the council and without them, nothing could be successful.



"THE GARNEAU" STAFF

Standing (Left to Right)—Gordon Sutherland, Artist; Ralph Couper, Jokes; Richard Talbot, Advertising; Isabel Howson, Advertising; Don Morrison, Editor; Leslie Lockerbie, Personal; Sigurd Balfour, Assistant Editor; Graham Campbell, Advertising; Hugh Davidson, Literary; Elvin Christenson, Exchange.

Sitting—Alan Wilson, Circulation Manager; Joe Heath, Photographer; Edith Ash, Girls' Sports; Ruth Gilchrist, Girls' Sports; Barbara Gillman, Advertising; Ruth Hobeck, Advertising; Don Macdonald, Advertising; Don Jacquest, Boys' Sports.

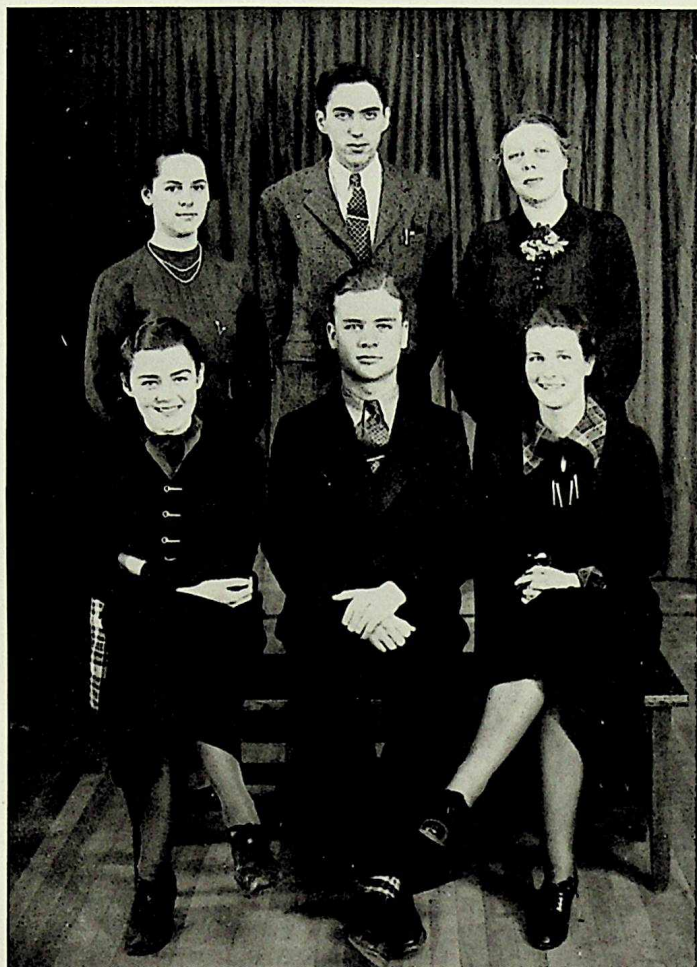
Absent—Bill Baronsfeather, Advertising Manager; Virginia Miller, Literary; Reg. Henry, Advertising; Bryson Burrows, Advertising; Norman Rault, Personal.

Advisory—Mr. D. R. Innes (Convenor), Miss M. Simpson, Mr. M. Rookwood.

PUBLISHING a Year Book on the scale adopted by an optimistic group of Garneau-ites, the staff, presents untold difficulties. They are financial and editorial. The former was well handled by our advertising manager and his able staff. Well, it did keep them a little hot-and-bothered until their goal hove into sight.

The editorial side of a Year Book represents hours of planning, careful writing and re-writing, sleepless nights, missed meals, poor marks—causing subsequent unfavorable remarks from teachers—and . . . but it's the book you want, not a long story of staff troubles. As soon as the general outline had been drawn up by our Editor and his Assistant Editor, the large staff took up its task. The material was collected and about a month before press time it began to pile up on the Editor's big roll-top desk, for he has one. Luckily there was no need for much tearing up. Finally, the work reached maturity and passed out of our hands for awhile. About May the first it was to appear as the Tenth Anniversary Edition.

The work has been long and arduous, but we are proud of our efforts. Here we must not forget the valuable aid given us by the advising teachers, who offered suggestions, and helped to speed up contributions for the literary section. Without them we should at times have been almost lost. So we offer our co-ordinated efforts to you in this "The Garneau." Take them, and we hope, be satisfied.



GRADUATION CLASS EXECUTIVE

STANDING (Left to Right)—

Leslie Lockerbie, Vice-Pres.
John Brownlee, Valedictorian.
Miss M. Simpson, Hon. Pres.

SITTING—

Ruth Gilchrist, Sec.
Graham Campbell, Pres.
Isabel Howson, Treas.

TO MEET the requirements of a large graduation class, this year's Graduating Executive was formed earlier than those of previous years. The election of the members composing the executive was quite separate from that of the Students' Union, only graduation class members being able to vote.

The first meeting was held before Christmas, and the Honorary President, Mr. Heywood, and the Valedictorian, John Brownlee, were selected.

The Graduation Executive has had two main duties this year. Firstly, to appoint a committee to oversee the taking of graduation pictures, and have them arranged in time for the Year Book. This full-sized job was nobly executed. Then, secondly, arrangements had to be made for one of the major social events of the year, the Graduation Banquet and Dance. There is much real planning and labour connected with this last great affair. Garneau is very fortunate in having such facilities as the cafeteria and gymnasium where the banquet and dance are usually held.

The Graduation Banquet is looked upon as the culmination of the year's social activities. It is a farewell gathering of teachers and students, and marks the end of the responsibility of the Class Executive.

DRAMATIC CLUB EXECUTIVE

STANDING (Left to Right) —

Joe Heath, Electrician.
Don Morrison, Executive.
Ralph Couper, Stage Mgr.

SITTING—

Mr. R. V. Clark, Hon. Pres.
Frances Seager, Sec.
Dorothy Kaufman, Exec.
Bob Grant, Pres.

ABSENT

Eileen Stuart, Exec.



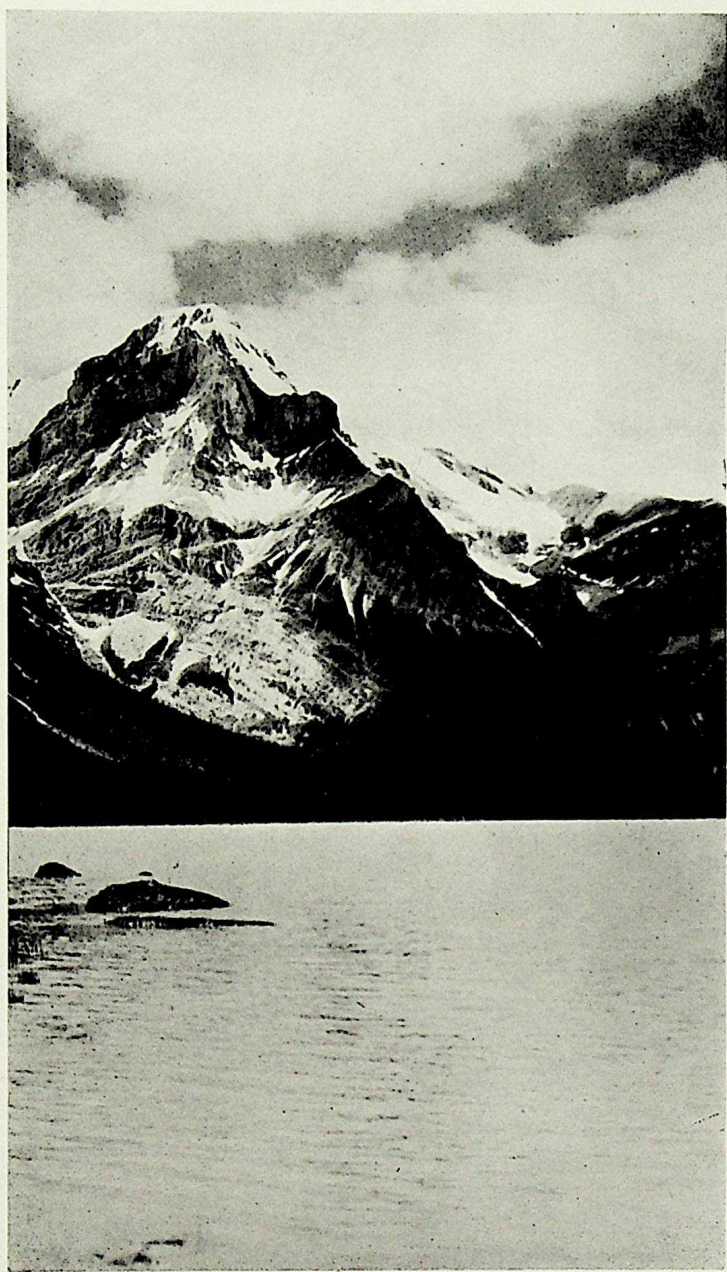
THIS YEAR has been one of the best as far as the executive of the Dramatic Club is concerned. With the growing interest in the club, it was decided at a meeting of the executive that a constitution should be drawn up, for use in the years to come.

This was done, and it was signed by the members of the executive. It set forth the qualifications for membership on the executive, and provided for a general meeting every two weeks.

The Students' Union gave the club a grant, to be used for the beginning of a library of non-royalty plays, suitable for high school production at meetings of the Literary Society.

Two new offices were created on the executive this year, that of Stage Manager and of Electrician. These were capably filled by Ralph Couper and Joe Heath, who worked hard to make the annual play a success.

And last, but not by any means least, comes one whom we consider the most important figure in the whole club, the severe critic of our plays, the producer of our annual plays, who every year has resolved not to do another play, Mr. R. V. Clark. We cannot praise Mr. Clark too highly for the excellent work he did in the production of "Charley's Aunt." We can only hope that he will continue to be our worthy producer.



Literary

Owed to a Man

HE STANDS about five feet ten inches in his stocking feet, (and what stocking feet he has). His hair is grey. His round, cheerful face is lined at the corners of the eyes and mouth, by more than thirty years of watching over the wayward sons and playful daughters of more than seven thousand proud mothers and fathers. He takes the sulk out of the spoiled child, while holding a curb on over-exuberant youths. He manages and he dictates. Yet he never seems to interfere with the progress of student affairs. Like Chiang Kai Shek, Hitler and Mussolini, he rules with the iron hand; but unlike any of these men, he has a heart, a deep understanding, and a fine sense of humor. He has no desire to see anyone hampered or abused by the iron bonds of official red tape.

Like "John Bull," he fosters and preserves peace between the "front-line soldiers and the brass hats" (pupils and teachers). He tries to keep the "brig" (Room 6), clear of as many prisoners as possible.

Other schools and other student systems stand by and wonder why Garneau, one of the city's youngest high schools, leads the way in so many student activities. They howl a dirge something like this, "Oh, all the students with affluence and influence go to Garneau." Well, I have neither affluence nor influence and there are many like me, yet we enjoy this man's kingdom. They never seem to realize that behind the students and their activities for ten years has sat this man, quietly thinking, planning, asking for advice and giving advice, pushing, pushing, pushing for Garneau.

—JIMMY DEAN.

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF GARNEAU HIGH SCHOOL

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY? Ye gods, don't tell me it is ten years since. . . . Merciful heavens, it makes me feel like a doddering old grandfather! Come darlings, climb up on Grandpa's knee and he'll tell you stories of the early west and the good old days when Garneau High was young. Why, Grandpa even remembers the day when there was no Garneau High; he even remembers the time when he was a little boy going to Garneau Public School when it was in that building. But that was 'way back, long before I met your grandmother.

I hope my readers will forgive me if I am autobiographical in this story; but you see, I began my high school career the year Garneau High began, and hence we really grew up together. Traditions that are part of the school were born in my time, (including detention!) Two or three "generations" have passed through the school since then, and in spite of myself I find myself wanting to say to these Pharos: "You are not true Garneauites! Only those of us who were there from the beginning really are. All you have done is taken over the school that we built up. It is our school, not yours!" Which of course isn't fair, and it all goes to show that I am really a very sentimental person, and that you can expect this history to be more reminiscent than statistical.

I can remember the very first day. I can even remember that it was one of those dull September days—late September too, it was: there had been an Infantile Paralysis scourge that year and school did not open till September 26th. (Strange that the opening of the new Garneau High in the Normal building, eight years later, was delayed for the same reason!) A host of us stormed the doors, all in new clothes, and excited—for it was a new school to all, and the first day of high school for a good many of us. (I can see Gordon Stewart that morning, and Gordon Ross). Mr. Robertson came down and told us what rooms to go to. ("Those Grade Nines who wish to take Latin 1 will go to Room 8, Miss Porteous's room,"—I remember that very clearly).

Then, after we had found our rooms and grabbed our seats, there began the annual opening-day parade of the teachers, who went from room to room telling us what books we needed, while we sat back and sized each one up, and carefully noted all their eccentricities. There were only six teachers that year: Miss Porteous, Miss Diller, Mr. Rookwood, Mr. Sheane, Mr. Wees and Mr. Robertson, while Miss Crang dropped in occasionally to take the girls' drill.

Mr. Sheane was the science teacher. Our grade nine room had the reputation of being the noisiest room in the school. Every day he would walk into the class, and as his appearance had little or no effect on the general hubbub he would say, "Quietly please!" This having no effect, he would add sternly: "Now this talking has simply got to stop!" Hardly a class began without this little routine. But he was a very obliging soul. Our room always bombarded him with questions about science, and he always answered them for us, although of course there would have been no General Science lesson if he had answered every one. As it was, we were always several lessons behind the other two classes. He used to think it was a dodge on our part to get out of work, but actually the questions were born

of a genuine curiosity on the part of young students studying science for the first time in their lives, with a teacher who could and did answer the how's and why's that had worried them for so long.

Mr. Sheane taught there the one year only. He was appointed the next year to the staff of the Calgary Normal School.

Another teacher whom Garneau lost to the Normal Schools was Wilfred Wees; and when I say loss I mean just that. The Wilfred Wees Cup that is presented each year may keep his name before the later generations of Garneauites, but I am sorry that even the winners of it know nothing of the man who donated the cup. He was one of those rare teachers to whom teaching was not simply his livelihood but his life; for him, teaching was more than a profession, it was an art, and he devoted himself to it with the absorbing enthusiasm of a great artist. And learning from him was not just passing examinations; it was learning "for keeps." He came from the Garneau Public School, so that many of us, including myself, had been his pupils since as far back as Grade Six.

Miss Porteous was the official Latin teacher. I'm afraid our rowdy room caused her more grief than we thoughtless little beggars realized, and I hope she will accept this belated apology on behalf of my co-mates, for we all adored her. She was a hard worker, going far beyond her strength. I never saw her look so well as after she stopped teaching, and it was with a pang of distressed conscience as I realized why. About three years ago she left the staff to get married and was replaced by Miss Cato.

Miss Diller was assigned the French classes (much to her horror!) which she has maintained ever since. (I wonder if she still remembers the faux pas I made in her French 2 class the day the Inspector was there?)

Mr. Rookwood and Mr. Robertson taught the Mathematics, of course; Mr. Robertson even taught Geometry 1 that year. It was "Rooky's" first year at Garneau and ever since he has been one of the best loved of all the teachers on the staff.

We had lots of fun that first year. Not simply because our room was so bad, but because the school being small, everybody more or less knew everybody else. That is an advantage a small school has over the large one, well equipped and highly efficient as the latter may be. That elusive and much discussed thing called School Spirit is only genuine when it is unconscious, and it seems to spring spontaneously only when all the pupils know each other, and there are not series of social groups in the school, but one whole group.

There were three Grade Nines, two Grade Tens and one Grade Eleven that first year. There was no Grade Twelve till the third year. Rooms 3 and 4 were spare rooms. There was no "Chicken Coop." Our "lits" were held in the Unitarian Church for most of the first two years. The person who had the unique position of being the first President of the Garneau High School Students' Union was Bill Broderick, and incidentally I rather fancy he is still the handsomest President that Garneau has ever had.

Don Wilson was in our room that year—he's a Rhodes Scholar now. Paul Castor was there, drawing cartoons as usual; he's studying it in Chicago now. Peter Rule was in Grade Ten. (Do I remember the time when he and I were doing a chorus girl dance together in front of the class when Mr. Robertson walked in!)

The second year saw some changes in the staff. Mr. Sheane had gone, and there were three new teachers: Miss Simpson, Mr. Innes and Mr. Clark. Mr. Innes divided his time between Garneau and Westmount that first year. Miss Simpson had been my Grade Five teacher back in the dark ages. There were seven rooms that year: two Elevens, three Tens and two Nines. The new room was Room 3, full of tables and chairs instead of desks; always getting into an unholy muddle as I recall it.

That spring the Chicken Coop (where I'd taken my Grade Six), was moved from 112th Street over to the school grounds, and elongated into an Assembly Hall. Here we could hold lits and dances.

About the end of April, Mr. Wees left school for a better job. On his last day, instead of teaching he recalled for us the good old days when we'd been in Public School together; he reduced us to tears by reminding us of the many anecdotes, such as the time in Grade Six when we all brought cats to school for Nature Study, and Mona Kane's cat took a fit. Perhaps all this belongs to pre-High School history, but Mr. Wees' last day is the one event of my high school days that I can never recall without a most sentimental desire to weep.

In the third year we at last acquired a Grade Twelve room, in Room 7. All eight rooms were put to use, and at last we were a real full high school, compact in one building. Indeed, I believe it was the only year that the four grades were all given in the one building, with no spilling over into the Chicken Coop or, as later, the Annex.

Mr. Ainlay, till then the Principal of Garneau Public School, now joined the staff. Mr. Innes came on full time. Mr. MacDougall, who had replaced Mr. Wees for the closing months of the previous term, became Principal of the Normal Practice School that opened that year.

This year, 1929-30, beheld our first dramatic venture. We had first planned to put on "Prunella," but after a few rehearsals it was abandoned—a wise move—for it was far too difficult for us to cut our teeth on. Nevertheless I still sigh for the beautiful performance that would have been: Jack Pollett as Pierrot. We looked around for a play whose royalties were not too high, and found a melodrama, "The Jade Necklace," whose merits proved the same. However, it was a beginning, and it also has the distinction of being the only one in which Mr. Clark ever appeared as an actor. The villain of the piece, to have been played by the late Grant Calhoun, took sick a few days before, and the director was pressed into service. Eileen Sterling, Mrs. Haynes's sister and later to play "St. Joan" at the University, was also in it. Prophetically enough, the production took place in the Normal auditorium.

This year also the Senior Rugby team became Northern Alberta Champions. And right here I would like to remark on what I have always considered the miracle of Garneau High School. Of all the high schools in the city Garneau was by far the least imposing. Crowded into an eight-room second-hand frame building, with no grounds to speak of and no facilities of her own, one would have thought Garneau the least important high school in town. Yet right from the very first Garneau has leaped into dangerous importance in every branch of athletic activity. In 1928 and again in 1929 both her hockey teams took the city championship. Almost every year one or both of the Rugby teams has reached the finals at least, and on three occasions the Seniors have won the Northern Alberta Championship—in 1929, 1934 and 1935. And while in the Track Meets Victoria High can always sweep everything before her by sheer force of numbers; Garneau has, ever since her entry into the ring in 1928, nearly always been

successful in the more equalized scramble for second place. Why is it? I don't know what the explanation is. Perhaps her very compactness has something to do with her success. Or perhaps we're just good!

In the fourth year, 1930-31, we began to hold classes in the Chicken Coop. There were two Grade Twelve rooms now, and another new teacher, a Mr. Burchell.

The Dramatic Society made a more glorious effort with A. A. Milne's "The Ivory Door." I still think it was pretty good, but then of course I cannot speak impartially. The leading role was played by that very promising young actor, Alan Macdonald. (Three others of us in the cast were reunited in the Freshman play at the Varsity the next year). It was produced at the Pantages Theatre (now the Strand), and a good time was had by all.

The other big event of the year was the birth of a Year Book. Murray Bell was the Editor-in-Chief, I was the Literary Editor, whatever that is, and Alan Macdonald was something-else Editor. How we sweated over that! Ask Mr. Robertson how we fought over a name for it, until he cut the argument by choosing the dark horse: "The Garneau." Ask Miss Simpson how we worried about getting the epitaphs for all the graduands. Ask her about the Saturday morning when she and Miss Porteous and the Editorial Staff went through a big pile of Evergreen and Golds, cribbing all the best jokes to eke out our appallingly small supply. Or perhaps the present editors know all about that!

And while I am on the subject, let me congratulate the editors of last year's Year Book. In our most extravagant moments we never dreamed of anything as beautiful as it.

My personal contact with Garneau ends with my exit in 1931. It pains me to note that the school managed to get along very nicely without me, but I can at least point to the fact that there was no Year Book thereafter until last year, the idea being abandoned in favor of a school paper; nor was there any School Play the following year. Garneau has nevertheless continued to send her sons to University, where a disproportionately large number have been prominent in sports, dramatics, literary activities, and even scholarship.

Mr. Heywood joined the staff the next year. The school continued to swell and classes were now held in the basement too. The problem was partly solved the following year by banishing all the Grade Nines to the third floor of the Public School, where they have remained ever since. In 1935 we were moved to more respectable quarters in the Normal building, but even so, Garneau remained a divided school until this year, when the separated parts received their legal decree of divorce. Thus, by the simple process of lopping off the Grade Nines, has Garneau High become a unified whole once again. True, we must share our new quarters with a Normal School and a Practice School, so the blessing is not unmixed. But half a gymnasium, half an auditorium, half a cafeteria are better than none at all, and I think the advantage is all in the new school.

In 1932-33 the Garneau Players became active again with "The Importance of Being Earnest," that delightful comedy by Oscar Wilde. There has been an annual play ever since, each one adding to the reputation that Garneau has made for always putting on a good play. Nineteen thirty-four saw Gogol's "The Inspector General," (I shall never forget Mark Kramer in this!) Nineteen thirty-five saw Sheridan's "The Rivals," with Doug. Lefroy in the coveted role of Bob Acres. Last year's play was the much delayed "Prunella," and though it was the one I was most anxious to

see, it is the only one I have ever missed. But I am told that Doug. Lefroy was an excellent Pierrot and Frances Seagar was a lovely Prunella. Ruth Rankin's Spartanism in the physically difficult role of the statue has also been described to me. While this year's "Charley's Aunt" will, I am sure, be glowingly described elsewhere in these pages.

And that is all I have to say. I hope the new Garneauites will continue to like their new home and their new course of studies. As for me, I am glad the old building has been boarded up so hermetically. I believe it will help keep inside the ghosts that are there—may they forever live their shadowy lives undisturbed.

—FRASER MACDONALD.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITY

Dedicated with thoughtful tenderness to that benefactor of humanity, G.R.S.—"He drove us on to ever greater heights."

THERE is an amusing little game which can be (and is being) played every day after school. Very little equipment (especially mental) is needed. An automobile, nineteen or twenty happy passengers, a couple of hundred hapless pedestrians walking along a narrow, wet thoroughfare (e.g., 112th Street) are the essentials. Accessories are available at slight extra cost.

The object of the game is to run down as many of the pedestrians as possible. At the sound of the gong, the passengers, would-be and otherwise, rush for the car. The pedestrians rush for the road, intent on getting home for lunch.

The scoring begins immediately. Count may be kept by using your neighbor's head as a score-board. All above ten inside car score one point. Score one point if over six gain foothold on exterior of car. If anyone succeeds in depositing a lighted cigarette in another player's pocket, he receives one point. Similar practical jokes are rewarded proportionately.

By this time, amid much gay repartee, the pedestrians are conveniently situated on the road. The driver's primary purpose is to remove the pedestrians, preferably by running them down (score ten points). If the pedestrian is only permanently maimed, he (the driver) receives five points. Minor injuries count three, splashing two, nervous prostration one. A teacher is a most valuable specimen, counting double. The driver may, by swerving from side to side, or stopping suddenly, throw off one or more of the out-riders. He is rewarded relatively to injuries of same. This causes endless amusement to all concerned.

Riders in the interior of the game may participate in the awards by striking pedestrians while passing at high speed. Broken back or neck counts ten, injuries five, hat knocked in gutter two. The passengers of the car at any time may attempt to cast off the outriders by: (a) burning his fingers; (b) any other means possible. A trick which may add much to the wholesomeness of the game is to open the doors while he is holding on by one hand. His predicament is comical, calling for prolonged laughter and good-natured blasphemy.

The pedestrians play a part that is not entirely passive. For every car dodged he receives one point. If he injures or dislodges one of the outriders he scores five. He receives twenty points for luring speeding cars into a telegraph post or other solid object. However, the pedestrian may not dodge up side-street or lane. Any infringement of this rule renders party liable to prosecution. Other players must apprehend him and with loud

cries of "Gesundheit," throw him under the wheels of the next car. All score two and move up one.

Etiquette: This game is a gentleman's game and should be conducted as such. On practical application, certain refinements were found necessary:

1. This game must be kept clean. On no occasion may the out-riders expectorate at pedestrians. They in turn are expected not to expectorate back.

2. The occupants of the car are forbidden to reply to verbiage of badly frightened pedestrians. They may answer back to splashed pedestrians however.

3. If a pedestrian has been only temporarily incapacitated, the driver may not stop, get out, and then use personal violence. Clubs are forbidden. It is permissible, though, to stop and back over his prostrate form. Score one and one-half for this difficult feat.

Various charitable and public-spirited institutions have kindly donated prizes to encourage this fast-growing sport. Awards are given only on the discretion of the judges:

First Prize—Best padded cell available in a well-known institution to the south (straight-jacket optional). Courtesy Institute for the Deaf and Dumb.

Second Prize—One free examination in psychopathic ward of any hospital. Donated by American Association for the Advancement of Megalomania.

Third Prize—Free shave and haircut, with board and room, at the palatial "Fort" hotel. Kindness of the Management.

This game is strictly "Passed U" and suitable for children of any age.

Many innovations can be introduced at will of players. It involves the finer points of our childhood games: "Run, Sheep, Run," "Follow the Reaper," "Red Light," "Kick the Bucket" and "Tag Your Butcher." There is no better game to build up co-ordination of mind and muscle. Who knows but the next generation of pedestrians will be supermen—if they live long enough.

—JAMES WALKER and NORMAN LEGGE.

BROKE

"**L**AST chance to live," mused the desolate person to himself, as he impeded his shuffling gait near the entrance to the race-track.

This dilatory, unshaven, dirty individual was reluctant to live. His character had once been most laudable, but now, after years of struggling to make a living, he found it impossible to resist contemplating suicide.

Many times John Cook had tried to kill himself, but each time he had stopped, saying, "Take one more chance." So now this middle-aged, thin, wrinkled replica of a man was taking one more chance to live. If it failed—he would drive the knife deep into his heart, forever shutting out the cruel, bleak light of the arduous world.

John had managed to borrow two dollars from some of his friends, who were few in number, and now he planned to bet it on the next horse-race. If he won—all would be well. If not—

Suddenly he sighted an old friend who was about to enter the gate. "Jim," he called, "wait a minute!"

"Oh! hello, John! What can I do for you?"

Extending his hand, John replied, "Take this two dollars and bet it for me on a horse in the next race."

"Sure, if you want," replied Jim MacDonald, with a curious look, "but on what horse shall I bet it?"

"Here, let me see your program—hum—a—this one, number seven. Bet the two dollars on the nose."

"O.K. I'll see you here after the race."

And so John's life was to ride on a horse. If he lost—he only hoped that this time his nerve would not fail him.

Even when cries and shouts emanated from the grandstand, at the start of the race, he showed no emotional signs of joy or sorrow. But he did inquire from the stalwart gate-keeper as to the results of the race.

"Number four came first; seven second; and number two third," was the reply given him.

So with a shrug of the shoulders, he walked behind a parked car and—

Ten minutes later, there was a large crowd around that car, as Jim MacDonald emerged from the track. Pushing his way through the startled crowd, he came upon a prostrate form, covered with a blanket.

"What happened here, officer?" Jim asked a blue-coat.

"Some guy stabbed himself. I guess he was broke and couldn't take it."

"Mind if I have a look?" inquired Jim of the broad-shouldered officer of the law beside him.

"Sure," said the cop, as he lifted one end of the blanket. A strange expression came over Jim's face at what he saw. "What's the matter? Know him?"

"Yes, officer, I did. He was a friend of mine. Name is John Cook. He gave me two dollars to bet on the last race for him. His horse ran second, but the first horse was disqualified for cross-cutting at the last turn, so his horse won.

"Broke, did you say, officer? No—he may have thought he was broke, but his ticket on horse number seven is worth seven hundred and seventy-five dollars."

JACK FONGER,
Grade XII.

CRUSADER

GODFREY leaned against the side of the fighting-top at the head of the mast. The ship was pushing through the blue Mediterranean, carrying Crusaders to the Holy Land, and on this clear night with the moon shining softly down and the gentle breeze urging the craft on, Godfrey was keeping watch above. The warmth of the night and the steady roll of the ship lulled him; and his mind drifted back to England, the stirring speeches of those who wanted the Holy Land free for pilgrims—Frieda's pleas not to go.

And then his last night with Frieda, a night even as to tonight, mellow, with the moon looking benignly down on them.

He and Frieda are walking on the common:

"Oh, Godfrey, how cruel it is that you must go, must leave me, to fight in a far-off land against men who have done you no harm. It's not right, when worthless rascals like John Armande stay home in peace and security."

"Frieda, please don't say that. You know that I promised to go. Soon I shall be home again, a famous warrior, and then your father will surely let us marry."

"Ye-es, I suppose you are right. But why should you go to fight so that a few dull old men may go to the Holy Land in peace? I want you to stay here. Perhaps father can be persuaded that there is no reason why we should not be married."

"Frieda, your father is right: we must wait awhile. See that sturdy oak, Frieda, and do you see that scar in its bark? That tree is like our love; that wound is this parting, when I must go for a while to the Holy Land. But see how the wound healed and the tree grew stronger than ever. That is how our love shall be when I return, stronger and better."

But what is that smear on the horizon? Land? Yes, yes, it is the Holy Land.

"Ho, below there! Land! The Holy Land!"

BERT ROSS,
Grade XI.

THE PRICE OF DUTY

IT IS hard work at any time to change a peaceful nation into a belligerent one, but at a time when Dalmatia was just beginning to achieve a semblance of prosperity, I expected it to be doubly hard. I need not have feared, however, for I discovered that love of country is one of the primary instincts in any man or woman. So we donned uniforms, our women knitted, and all the while the enemy drew nearer and nearer.

Our first clash with the German forces came at Dhumbregn, a small frontier town. Our soldiers held up well, and with an unexpected daring and skill in such a peace-loving and home-loving nation. We did not dare to hope that our efforts to hold the enemy back would be successful, but the line held, and held in a miraculous way.

It wasn't the first months that were so painful nor the first year as the war dragged on and on, for we still had men and supplies; but in 1915, our line began to weaken and, added to that, we were faced with virtual starvation.

It was one of the most degrading days of the year 1916, a day when we felt there could be no escape from complete annihilation, that I met Anne. It was raining—a cutting, pelting rain that tore through every bit of my uniform—but I felt I must get out, outside anywhere, to think. The streets were darkened in an early twilight as I walked down what was once a shaded avenue, towards the soldiers' relief hut. I was just about to pass it when I heard a soft voice.

"Monsieur, would you kindly help me with this bandage?"

It was the owner of a pair of brown eyes who had spoken, and I bent down immediately and adjusted a difficult bandage on a soldier's leg. She was

very small, just over five feet, with a dark cape over her white nurse's uniform. There was a dark smudge of mud on her forehead which gave her a rather elfish look. Her hair was brown, a very light brown, softly waved away from her face, but no description could do justice to her eyes, for they were amazing, so soft, so understanding and steadfast.

She was a Canadian nurse, who had been transferred from France during the preceding month. With me, it was love at first sight, but love of such enduring quality that I can never forget her.

There were so many heart-breaking things in that war. There was the day when I found a soldier's body struck down in an open field. The soldier opened his eyes as I bent over him and in a flash I knew it was my boyhood friend, Dob. He smiled, and murmured to me.

"Carl, dear old Carl." The tears fell unheeded down my cheeks for I knew he was dying—even a soldier has his moments of weakness.

"They were good old days, weren't they, Carl? But I must go—it is so—so easy to just go." Dob had earned his eternal rest.

The bloodshed continued and the enemy were trampling our country. The peaceful valleys no longer rang with happy child laughter, but with the dull boom of cannons. Thus it was that during an air raid, my old soldierly friend, Cap, was taken—they found what was left of his body, blown about on the road in front of his small house. Poor Cap, who had so wanted to help fight—

At last came the Armistice, that glorious November eleventh which I can never forget. Our country indeed was trampled under the feet of ruthless greed, but our spirit was alive.

Shortly after, Anne left for England. She simply vanished into the night. I had to do something, I was desperate, for my life could count for little without her.

Should I follow? Was it the thing for me to do when my country needed help so badly? Though the war was over, there was still much to be done. I knew the answer.

I couldn't sleep that night; I paced the floor; I beat my hands on the table; I was frantic. Oh, I admit I was a coward, I knew what I must do but I couldn't face reality or what life had done to me. It was my father, finally, who helped me through that awful night, for suddenly I saw his face, his tired, friendly face; he took my hand quietly and said: "Remember, son, as Commander of the king's forces your first duty is to your country, and only secondly to yourself."

I loved my country; it needed me, so I stayed.

Life must go on without Anne, but I still have my memories.

RUTH GILCHRIST,
Grade XII.

GARNEAU SLIPS

Our Garneau "lits" can, as a rule,
Beat those of any other school,
The program part is far the best,
With Rhoda, Reesor, and the rest,
But too bad it is, we all do know,
When dancing starts after the show.
The balcony is soon quite packed,
With bashful boys who stand aback,
The music playing clear and loud,
Fails to liven up the crowd;
Till Robby finally appears,
To blow his whistle in our ears.
At last a boy, here and there,
Awakening from his dreamy air,
Finds a girl to suit his taste,
While others follow in great haste,
But alas, 'tis too late,
We've had one dance at any rate,
Just as we get into the swing,
The band strikes up "God Save the King!"

—THELMA GASKILL.

GRADUATION

Graduation looms so near,
Sporty students shed a tear,
Others fill the air with cheer.
High school days are full of fun,
Some are glad when they are done.
And their S.M's they have won.
Others never see the dawn,
To prove to us their strength and brawn,
Instead remaining just the fawn.
Those who really study hard,
From big socials ne'er are barred,
Their life records ne'er are marred.
Then the dunces, who think they're tough,
With their voices, loud and gruff,
But, too, they're soft as fluff.
Like a deer they wish to play,
Running and jumping all the day,
But they'll never pass that way.
Often, they stay away from school,
Playing hookey like a fool,
At the show or swimming pool.
Sports take up most their time,
School-books ne'er are ope'd 'till nine.
But some day you'll hear them whine.
So be proud to graduate,
Waste no time, or you'll be late,
To take the scroll and pass the gate.

—L.F.

BASKETBALL

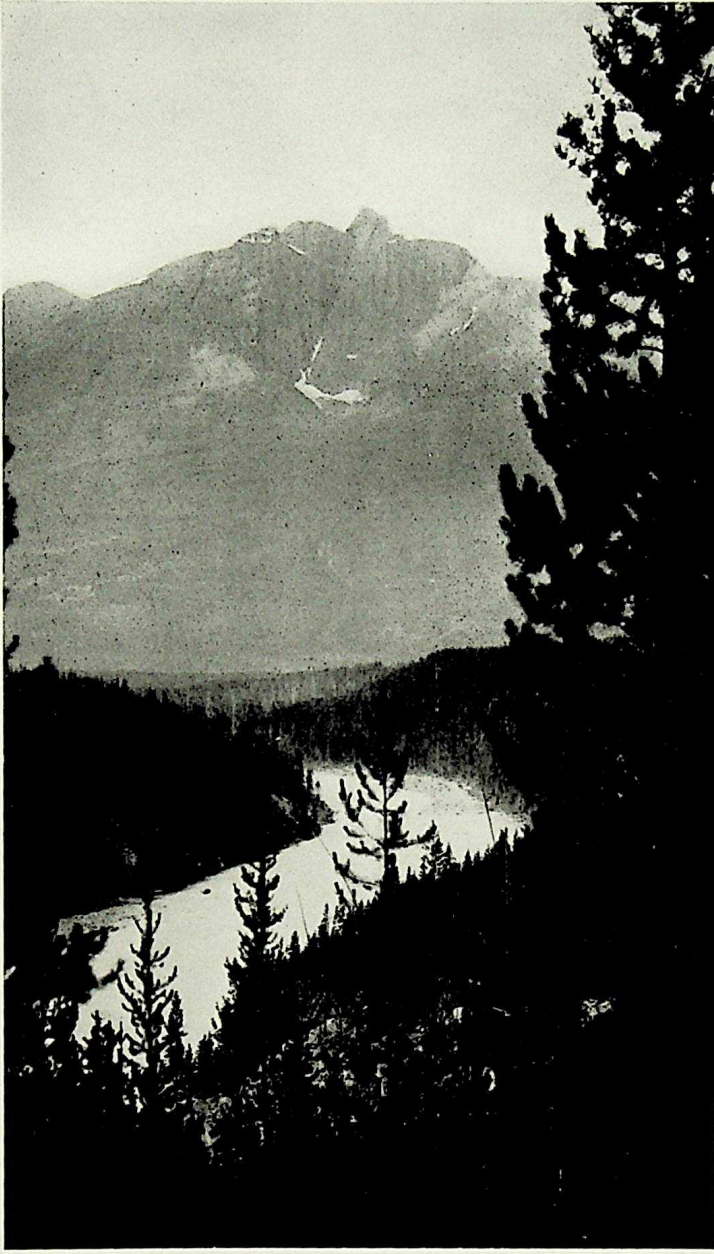
Isn't it an awful pity
We've no more like Pat and Kitty?
And as for forwards, backwards, middles,
Eliott and Bowser are fit as fiddles.
The question then, I ask you all,
Is, "Why don't we win basketball?"

—HELEN DAVIDSON.

HEAR YE!

Garneauites, dig out your ears,
We come to bury Shakespeare, not to praise him.
The evil that man did lives after him;
The good has been interred with his bones (if there was any);
Our noble teachers say he was a genius:
If it were so, it was a darned nuisance;
And grievously we all have answered for it.
Here, under leave of Robby and the rest—
For Robby is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men (and some women)
Come we to cheer at Shakespeare's funeral.
The poor sap might have been a human:
But teacher says he was a genius;
And teacher is an honourable man.
This Shakespeare many plays and sonnets wrote,
Whose study do the general courses fill:
Did this to students really seem propitious?
Was that enough? Apparently not so.
When we poor students wept, the board was stern;
Our courses should be made of better stuff;
Yet teacher says he was a genius;
And teacher is an honourable man.
We all recall the numerous departmentals,
Which hopeful, but in vain, we oft have tried;
And thrice have been re-flunked; which is the bunk.
Yet teacher says this writer was a genius;
And sure, our teacher is an honourable man. (You bet.)
We speak not to disprove what teacher spaketh,
But here we are to speak what we do know.
We all did loathe, not without cause, Shake's works:
What cause withholds us then, to swear at them? (None!)
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason, altogether;
With Shakespeare's bones his works should be interred;
Instead our vibrant youth, alas, lies buried.

—HONOR EVANS.



Dramatics & Social



CAST OF "CHARLEY'S AUNT"

Left to Right—Robert Grant, Sylvia Kirkpatrick, Lois M. Baker, John Symes, Hugh Davidson, Muriel Ness, Karl Aalborg, Don Morrison, Audrey Ladler, Jack Fonger, Jack Barclay, Joan Sherwin.

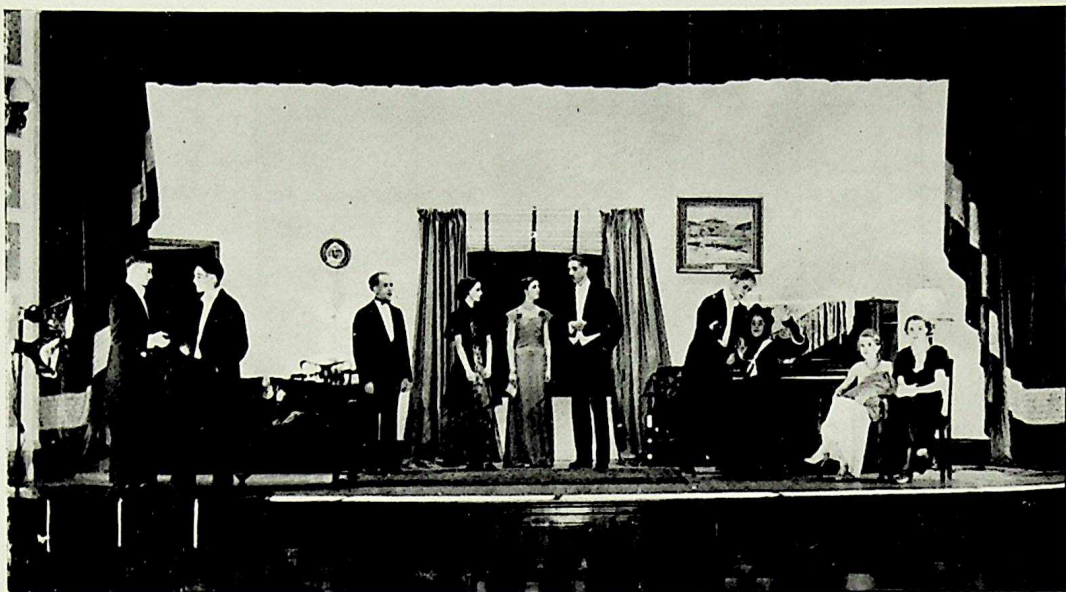
THE YEAR IN DRAMATICS

ANOTHER year in the history of Garneau Dramatics draws to a close. Under this year's enthusiastic and able president, Bob Grant, and the willing and co-operative work of the executive, some of Mr. Clark's ambitions for the Garneau Dramatic Club were realized.

This year more than eighty students entered Dramatics, some in the acting itself, others in the many various activities connected with the Club.

Some interesting talks were given during the season by guest speakers. Mr. Clark spoke on "Dramatic Reminiscences", Miss Simpson on "Movie Censorship", and Mrs. R. Macdonald on "Make-up".

Some very fine work was done by members of the Dramatic Club, who directed three plays. The comic pantomime, "The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter", capably directed by Don Morrison and Eileen Stuart, caused much laughter as the lighthouse keeper, Bert Ross, his wife, Honor Evans, their daughter, the brilliant heroine, Lila Oaks, the young doctor, John Symes, and the big bad villain, Pat MacDonald, ran up and down the lighthouse, the latter being an ordinary pedestal coat-hanger. The Wardles' Christmas Party was directed by Eileen Stuart, aided by Miss Simpson who is always willing to do her share, indeed more than her share, in Dramatic work. It was well carried by the cast, Don Jacquest, Thelma Gaskill, Barbara Nash, Kitty Kinnaird, Mickey MacKinnon, Maurice Mitchell, Grant Hollenback. Roy Olsen, Gordon Scott, Jack Park, Harold Rodnunsky, John Symes and Tony Lefroy, with the help of fiddler, Pat Norris, and the Harmony Seven. The third was "His Rest Day," directed by Kay Nelson and Ethel Walter. It was presented before the Dramatic Club, with Pat



CAST OF "CHARLEY'S AUNT"

Left to Right—John Symes, Robert Grant, Karl Aalborg, Lois M. Baker, Sylvia Kirkpatrick, Don Morrison, Jack Fonger, Jack Barclay, Audrey Ladler, Joan Sherwin.

MacDonald as the Lazy Cockney, and Venetia Fallow as the Society Lady. It was followed by an interesting discussion.

This year the highlight of Garneau Dramatics, that is the year play, was a production familiar to everyone. It was the fast-moving comedy, "Charley's Aunt", which was full of fun from start to finish.

The leading lady, Jack Barclay, "Charley's Aunt from Brazil, where the nuts come from", kept the audience in continuous laughter from the time when he was forced to play the part of the old aunt of a college friend, until the last curtain rang down on the third act. Jack's portrayal of the part will long be remembered by everyone.

To Bob Grant as "Jack Chesney," goes the honor of setting the pace of the play. Bob had a fine stage-presence and acted his part with enthusiasm throughout the comedy.

As "Charley Wykeham," John Symes acted a willing conspirator and much credit should be given his performance for he took the role at such short notice. Don Morrison had just the right snap in his portrayal of the military officer in the Indian Service, "Colonel Sir Frances Chesney."

We are not forgetting Jack Fonger's fine work as the crochety uncle and guardian, "Stephen Spettigue," of the two vivacious young ladies, Lois M. Baker as "Amy Spettigue," and Sylvia Kirkpatrick as "Kitty Verdun," who lent their gay personalities to the romance of the play.

Audrey Ladler made a very charming and dignified "Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez." Her finished performance of the part added to the success of the play, and Joan Sherwin, as her adopted niece, delighted the audience with her sweetness.

Last, but not least, we have Karl Aalborg, who acted so well the part

of the butler "Brasset," Muriel Ness, as the sophisticated maid, "Maud," and Hugh Davidson, as the college scout or stooge as we should say.

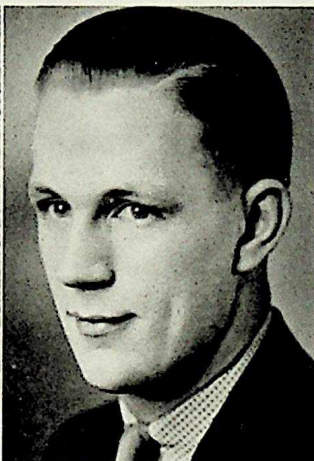
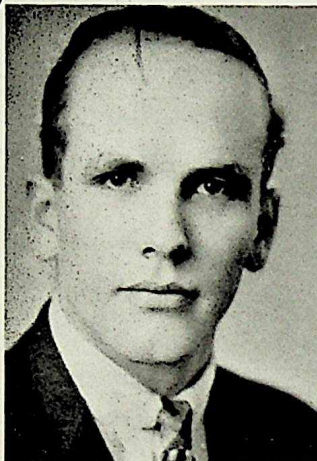
Do not think that acting is the only thing which makes the play a success. Credit is due first to our genial director, Mr. R. V. Clark, to Eileen Stuart and Don Morrison, who with the help of Miss Simpson and willing students arranged for the costumes and properties, to Joe Heath and Ralph Couper and their back-stage crew, for lighting, managing and scenery, especially Campbell Ower for his fine work on the second act set, and to the staff and the student body for their loyal support.

As we look back on a year well spent in Dramatics, pleasant memories of the year play, "Charley's Aunt," fill our minds and we find ourselves looking forward to the next year's major production with eager anticipation.

—FRANCES SEAGER.

Have a gallery

DRAMATIC AWARDS



KARL AALBORG:

Year Play, '37, '35.

JOHN FONGER:

Year Play, '37, '36.

John L. Fonger
11/7



ROBERT GRANT:

Pres., Dramatic Club, '37.

Year Play, '37, '36.

EILEEN STUART:

Exec., Dramatic Club, '37.

Year Play, '36.

Social ∞ ∞

THE "LITS"

THE LITERARY SOCIETY had its first gathering of the clan at the close of October and did honor to the occasion, in a typical sort of way. Collegiate spirit reigned supreme when the Dean Dramatory made its debut with its version of Shakespeare's immortal "Macbeth." But the modern Macbeth had few semblances of that hardy Scotsman of the eleventh century. We recognized the pen of Shakespeare only when the three lean and withered hags? viz: Wiggins, Kaufman, and Rault, went through their song and dance in an endeavor to create atmosphere. Then the principals peeked out from behind the curtains, vocalized a little, and were heard no more.

Jimmy Dean, producer, actor and find of the century, carried the role of the modern Macbeth, as tough a hombre as ever put his nose out the door of "Spike's Joint," a real satellite of the underworld.

Scotty Sutton swaggered through his part with a monicer, "Macduff," another hootin', shootin', guy out to do battle with Mister Macbeth. They were grandiose—replete with derbies, cigars and toy pistols. But where would drama be without the "women"? Bill, the Drever, complete with captivating blondness, and a scarlet red dress to match, lured the "boys" to their destruction, as Lady Macduff. Jack Barclay, who later turned out to be "Charlie's Aunt" and not Banquo, was annihilated before our very eyes by murderers: Rodnunski, Algar and Dean. Then came Banquo's ghost which managed to cross the stage without stumbling, despite the fact that there was an annoying little corner of the sheet, constantly getting under its toe. Our hearts stopped when hombres Macbeth and Macduff fought for the love of a lady. Storybooks have it that Macbeth won the battle, but the referees had a hard job handing down a decision here. Only those who knew the story had some idea of what was going on. The rest of us may never know.

Nevertheless when the curtain dropped we were pleased—we had seen a "tragedy."

Rhoda Wood and then Tommy Thompson burned the boards to supreme satisfaction. Betty Noble and Jean Powers played the grand piano and made a nice job of it with their version of "Nola," a duet. Bob Ellis had to make more than one curtain call when the masses clamored for more music from his accordion. Topping the whole spree, "Wee Willie" Drever rolled up his pants and recited "Willie's First Smoke," but Willie forgot to memorize his piece.

Came Christmas and our stage was set for a scene taken from Pickwick Papers, under the able direction of Miss Simpson and Eileen Stuart. Don Jacquest, our young orator, carried his part of Mr. Wardle with flying colors, and Kitty Kinnaird, a young newcomer in our midst, played the part of old Mrs. Wardle to perfection, adding the necessary comedy touch with her apparent difficulty in hearing through the ear-trumpet. Under the costumes of the carol singers were the Harmony Seven, accompanied by Pat Norris on the violin. Aw, come on out from behind those shawls and bonnets, girls, we knew you all the time.

Later, at the party (Mr. Wardle's), we saw one of those dances you read about but seldom see. A minuett, no less! Step and stand, step and stand, bow to your partner. But you, there, on the end, this is no time to "swing it."

Going from old to new came Tommy Thompson and Reesor Kaufman, those smart tapping young men. We think they are great and never let them get away without an encore. One pair of tapping feet we did miss, however—those of Rhoda Wood. Rhoda was in California, basking in the sunshine and recuperating from an attack of that old pest the 'flu.

Variety goes to make a good show, and we always like a little of the serious with the light. All of which goes to show that our intellect is not so low. Proof of this is the popularity of Doris McWhirter, our prima donna, who, in our opinion, has one of the loveliest singing voices in the school, or out of school for that matter. Doris is one of those modest young ladies who always needs a little persuasion before she goes to the front. Last year her pianist was missing and this year—well, who was that 'way in the back row that made you a little shy, Doris?

Time marches on and we come to Easter when again all Mr. Robertson's "chillun" gathered to make merry (in our own little inimitable way). A programme to be "uninterrupted by announcements" was introduced by President Powers. But that wasn't all—he did manage to get back on the stage a couple of times to comment on "Charlie's Aunt" and give out the awards and hail Mr. Ainlay for help on the delay before the skit.

But like England, Garneau expects every man to do his duty. And he "done it"—so to speak. Mr. Ainlay led the gang in singing all the good old numbers—"Down by the Old Mill Stream" and (Now I'm embarrassed, said he) "Let Me Call You Sweetheart"—just to put in time, but it was fun, especially for those who could see the tricky drum work of Bill Barons-feather and flashing fingers of Don Rose who, by the way, did some fancy work on their own a little later on in the program.

However, all was finally in our order. Murmurings from behind the curtain stopped. Our electrician and prop-man stopped peeking around the curtain, displaying his "revel" and making faces. And the curtain rose on—as fine a little love-skit as ever we have seen. Very touching. Only when the pathos grew a little stronger it seemed to touch the funnybone of the audience. Well, all we have to say is—"Ain'tcha got no romance?"

Carried along expertly with "never a dull moment" by Housekeeper Inez Macdonald, Stenographer "Prunella" or Frances Seeger, and Writer-Amorist John Symes, we were presented with a rollicking comedy of beauty exposed to the "wiles of a villain"—or so the housekeeper thought.

Again and again our writer tries to tell lady-love—but then the housekeeper rushes in—to the rescue of innocent beauty.

Finally—well, you all saw that howling, exciting climax-ending for yourselves. The curtain dropped with the audience clamoring for more, and (if you know your showmanship) that's the way to leave 'em.

But that was not all. The curtain rose again. But what was it? A broadcasting studio. Around the stage was a row of desks and seated at these desks was as pretty a gang of typewriter-pounders as we have ever seen. They were hiding behind smocks this time but we still know you, Harmony Seven. Stenog. Belle Ross answered the door and who came in? Sailor Tommy Thompson, dragging by the hand bouncing little Rhoda Wood, finger in mouth and all, especially a little ten-inch skirt that fluttered in the breeze. But could those "kiddies" dance!

Then came a surprise—the pupils of Doris McPherson. Doris has been teaching them down in the gym during spares and her work certainly came to light. They proved to be a group of smart-tapping young ladies.

As our former number reminded us of "42nd Street," New York, so our next artist reminded us of Rural Route 12, Pumpkin Centre. What did he want to do? He wanted to play the "harmonicy." There may have been hay in his hair but there were no cobwebs on his rhythm, for "Farmer" Doug Gilchrist could certainly toot his mouthorgan. The faster he played the harder he tapped his feet, and toward the end we thought the auditorium walls had begun to shake.

Then came Reesor Kaufman in white tie, top hat, cane and tuxedo lending another touch of "42nd Street." He ranks among the best and so we brought him back for an encore (he wouldn't come back for two).

Then—Percy, how could you do it?—called Isabel Howson, unexpectedly, to give a piano selection and what could she say, for Bill Drever, "ya old teache," had brought her music. She was "framed," but she gave her all and the crowd appreciated it more for the way she took her surprise.

About this time Stenog. Elsie Wiggins swung down from her desk and said, "C'mon, girls, let's park our gum and sing." What girls? Why, the Harmony Seven. It seems we just can't mention "lits" or even think of them without connecting the Harmony Seven in some way. They have been one of our best, most faithful groups in giving consistently good entertainment. And we never tire of hearing them and rank them among our favorites. Their work deserves a big hand. The girls are Billie Ross, Ruth Gilchrist, Laura Nickerson, Elsie Wiggins, Fran Story, Mona Doncaster and Marg Peacock—our little piano-player with the big contralto voice. They helped with the programme in general and then sang their songs—"Night and Day" with rhythm the Boswell sisters would envy, and then "BooHoo" for an encore. We hope to hear from you again next year, girls.

Now to give credit where credit is due—or overdue.

Firstly to Don Rose, Bill Baronsfeather and Don's brother, Pat. They help on the programme but really "make" the other half. They supply the dance music in the gym and we know and appreciate the fact that we would go far to find a three-piece school orchestra to equal ours.

Next we want to thank Mr. Ainlay, who takes the leadership in our singing, and what's more, takes it with a smile.

THE SCHOOL DANCE

DANCE! Dance! Dance! Swing it! That was the order of the evening—the memorable evening of our own tenth annual "At Home."

Could this magnificent structure of streamers and garlands in gold and green be our gym? But yes! Here was the work of Campbell, and Eileen, Bill and those many other willing pairs of hands, who were noted for their absence in classes that week leading up to our "event of the season." But wouldn't that sight have made even the sternest of teachers say: "Come back, all is forgiven"? Streamers in six or eight colors, graduating from green to gold, looped and twisted, pillars and more streamers, all forming a suitable surrounding for Les Roberts and his band, which set the pace for the evening, and—did we follow? Well, who could resist?

True, we had passed the patronesses in a shy line, but strains of "swing" had drifted up the hallway, and once in the gym we gave over all our heart and soul to enjoyment. Tall smooth couples. Couples twirling dizzily. Here a pair—but what is that? Flea-Hop or Black Bottom. Oh, sorry—Truckin'. Look! Over there! Who's that tall, handsome man? Why that's Mr. Ainlay,

and there's Mr. Burchell dancing with Miss Simpson, and Mr. Rookwood and Miss Cato. We were glad to have our teachers sharing in our fun. And here we would like to say that we do appreciate our teachers who can enter into our "lits" and dances with the same mood as the pupils and still uphold the dignity of our school.

And as we eyed Garneau! Garneau! flashing in lights at one end of the gym, we looked at the outsiders and rather pitied them for not being part of our select "400." And outsiders there were aplenty. Not too many to turn our dance into an event of "body-checks and jolts"—but a capacity crowd, enough to warm any ticket-taker's heart. We hope, and feel sure, that these outsiders, not to mention our ex-Garneauites (who can hardly be classed as outsiders), enjoyed our Tenth Annual. It was something more than just at "At Home," for we had a real reason for such a celebration. Ten years have passed. May ten more and another ten see "At Homes" as successful as these of the past have grown to be.

But could this be the ninth dance coming up? Half the night over! But the compensation of another half, to be as much fun as the first, satisfied us. So we smiled (which was really gritting our teeth), and dived into the crowd or rather kicked shins with the rest of the gang. But all too soon the floor was comparatively empty and we wondered where everyone had gone. Did we hear someone say "coconut cream pie"? Yes, Mrs. Mellon had beckoned and her faithful had followed, or rather raced.

Down in the cafeteria we saw bedlam let loose. Was that your chair? We must be having hallucinations (ah, we have retained a little of Macbeth). We were sure nobody was sitting in it. Coca Cola enthusiasts, cream pie fiends, and ice-cream eaters—all seemed to be ordering at once. We felt very refreshed and ready for more "jigging" up-stair. True, we all were a little warm, and our feet—

Up in the gym the lights were dimmed. A waltz, "Trust in Me," and we did just that, for who could think of feet at such a time? Dancers swayed and glided. The big spot-light, with its colors of yellow, red, mauve and green, played on the swirling figures.

Click! What was that?

"Hold that pose, please," and flash! Joe Heath and Gordon Sutherland, our candid cameramen, were upon us. How could they do that to their pals—especially in a moonlight waltz?

Good! There go the lights on again. They had everyone on guard. Look, now they're snapping Mr. Ainlay and Miss Cato. It was amusing—when they did it to someone else. Did we hear someone say, "I feel just like a celebrity"? We did hear many times, "I hope it doesn't turn out." Tsk! Tsk! How could you?

But soon we were camera-conscious no longer. The magic of our "tempo-teasing" band had reached its highest pitch, and we with it. We did notice a small commotion up in the gym balcony. Could it be—yes, it could and was. One of our fathers had dropped in on us, and after watching the fun awhile, immediately fell asleep. Can it be that we, one day, will come back to a Garneau "At Home" and fall asleep? Why, we never felt more wide-awake. It seems impossible.

However, as all good things do, the dance came to an end. The band struck up "God Save the King," and as we stood at attention we thought of many things. We thought that this had been the best dance yet, but then, don't we say that every year? We hoped every dance to come would be as successful as this, our Tenth Annual "At Home," and we promised to keep this happy time a treasure in our chest of school memories.

• THE RUGBY DANCE

*"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."*

—LONGFELLOW.

"GARNEAU MARCHES ON"—This phrase may be aptly applied to the students of our school and their activities. For ten years Garneau has been striding along the road of successful social functions, made possible by the whole-hearted and enthusiastic support, both of the staff and the students themselves.

This year a new and very successful form of student entertainment was added; namely, a Rugby Dance. This dance was in the form of a practical bouquet to the stalwart members of the senior and junior rugby teams—those hard-working males who escape detention to roll on the green sward in training exercises, to get two minutes in the game and come home happy.

When the night finally arrived, we walked into the gym to find it turned into a footballer's paradise. Wherever you looked there were footballs, tastefully decorated in yellow and black, the noble colors which our grid heroes of Garneau have done honor to in many a well fought fight.

Hark! What is that tantalizing music that assails our ears, and starts our feet tapping in rhythmic sympathy? It can't be Guy Lombardo or Benny Goodman—they are only good. Oh! We know who it is now—it's Don Rose and his Scintillating Swingsters, Garneau's favorite musicians.

Pleasant it is to see the whole-hearted good fellowship of these students. A friendly atmosphere seems to pervade the air, delicately perfumed by romances between the defenders of Garneau's honor on the field of battle and those attractive girls whose beauty has made our High School's name always connected with the highest form of feminine charm.

A really enjoyable evening was spent by everyone, if one can judge by the smiling faces and twinkling feet, as they flashed by to the strains of some popular song. At intermission there was a general adjournment of the dancers to the cafeteria, where they were met by the cheerful face of Mrs. Mellon, who was ready to serve them with pop and sundry other savory articles of refreshment peculiar to the younger generation.

Here it might be well to shower a few praises upon Mrs. Mellon, our chief of the culinary art. All year Mrs. Mellon prepares tasty dinners for the hungry horde which invades the cafeteria as soon as the bell goes at noon (and throughout the afternoon). Always ready with a smile, we hail you, Mrs. Mellon, as "a good fellow."

So, in conclusion, as we hear the strains of "Home Sweet Home," Garneau has again proved the results of spirited co-operation. Let us hope that such a pleasant function as the Rugby Dance will become a permanent part of the social curriculum of our school.

MR. ROBERTSON'S BANQUET

AFTER the Easter examinations had been tucked away, but not forgotten, we felt the surge of a coming event, gaining momentum as the hour arrived. It was a special banquet tendered in honor of, to those of us who have worked with him, the "Dean" of Alberta Educators, our principal, on the occasion of his thirtieth anniversary as an educator in the Province. Combined with the event was a salute to the school, commemorating its tenth anniversary.

Much to his surprise, a letter was read from Miss Kate Chegwin. Miss Chegwin was one of the teachers on the staff with Mr. Robertson thirty years ago in old Queen's Avenue School.

The program reached a climax when Mr. Robertson was presented with a symbol of Garneau's gratefulness to him. The main speaker of the evening was Mr. G. F. McNally, deputy minister of education, who briefly traced Mr. Robertson's career and who had been intimately connected with him throughout that time. Other laudatory remarks were added by Mr. G. A. McKee, Mr. F. C. Casselman, Mr. A. Bissett, Mr. E. L. Fuller, Mr. M. Rookwood and Mr. Keith Millar.

The banquet was well attended by the Graduating Class and Student Body and was highly successful, the more so because Mr. Robertson had no idea of what was going on—until that night.

GRADUATION BANQUET

AS THIS BOOK was being made ready for press, preparations were under way for the Graduation Banquet to be held in the latter part of May. It is difficult to be very specific as to all the arrangements, but we believe the guest speaker is to be Mr. F. C. Casselman. The Honorary President, Miss M. Simpson, the President of the Union, and the President of the Graduation Class will each very likely have a message for the Graduates of 1937. We are unable to forecast any further. The plans for the dance following the banquet are as yet mere suggestions. Therefore we shall leave the rest to you, Graduates of Class '37. Turn out in full force and see the result of these still hazy arrangements.

THE GARNEAU SKATING PARTY

THE night is cool, the stars are clear, and if you want to go skating dear, it's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely," etc. Such was the song the Garneau lads and lasses were humming on a certain night in January when, with no homework (at least not much), and not a care in the world, the annual skating party was held at the Community Rink.

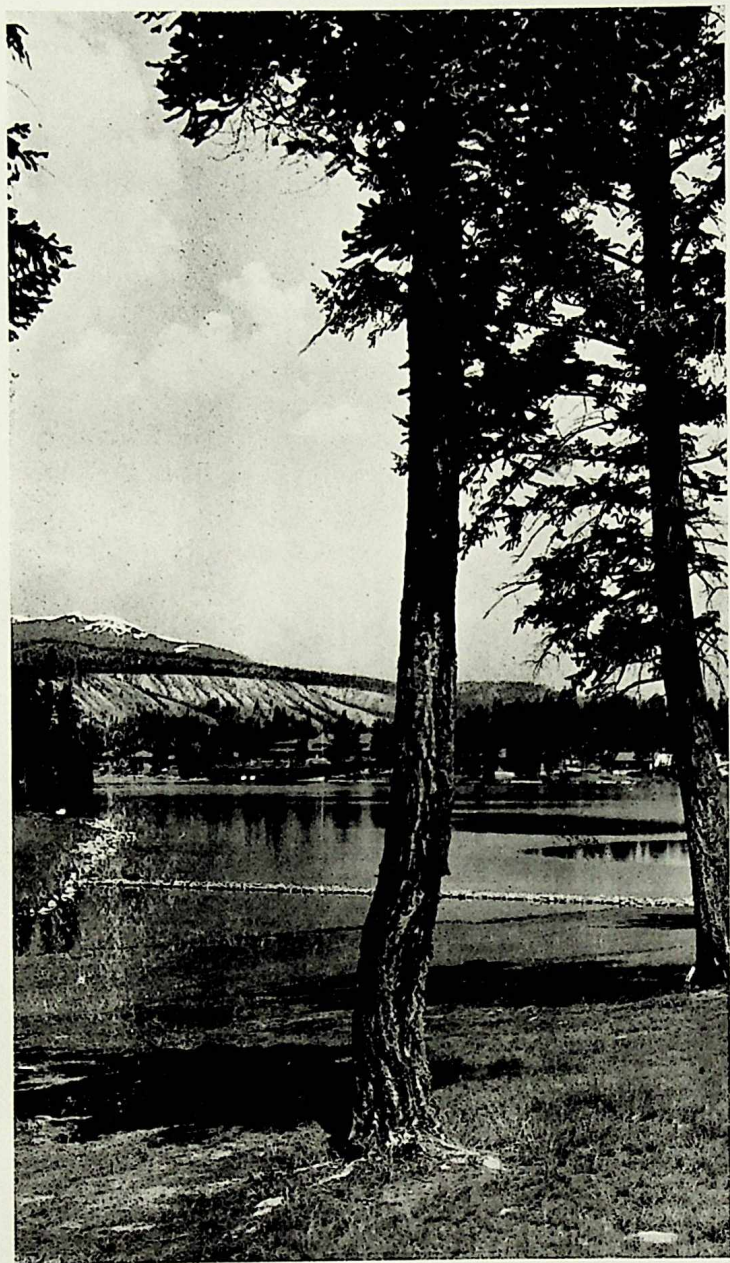
The ice was in perfect condition and it was not too cold, not too warm, just O.K. The music was at its best—even the old tunes sounded passable—and we skated and skated and skated in the best of spirits.

Naturally everyone had a "wow" of a time, but some were especially noticeable in their whole-hearted enjoyment of the occasion. There was little Billy Drever giving the gals a treat—these hockey heroes—tush, tush; and Marg. "Mugs" Heywood having the hardest time dishing out bands to all those boys—only twenty bands too, and they wanted at least three each; not to mention Dot Kaufman giving them all that well-known "come-hither look." Of course Mr. Ainlay was out there doing himself proud with all the best looking young ladies (how he does pick them—don't tell me you girls don't want a good Arithmetic mark). Tommy Percival and Norma Brown were also getting along just fine—thank you. And who was the big handsome hockey player all the girls were going for in such a big way—he doesn't go to Garneau either? No doubt all the male element noticed the two charming girls at the counter, Barbara Gillman and our vice-president, Eileen Longman. Eileen claims she couldn't skate because she sprained her ankle, but don't let that fool you, she just wanted to give out pop to all those boys.

But enough of this, we know we had a swell time anyway. Oh yes! Don't tell anybody, but those people dancing away at the Tuck Shop afterwards looked suspiciously like Garneauites—we couldn't be sure . . . just a suspicion.

Everyone voted the party such a complete success that there were a number of attempts made by the Executive to arrange another one. But Old Man Winter gave us the "go-by" and there was no more ice.





Personal

Who's Who!

WE OWE CONGRATULATIONS to our financial wizard before spreading out over an expansive student body. Neil, a newcomer to Garneau, has handled a most difficult job quite successfully, entering into it with the spirit of an old-timer. Now, the end secure, let us dwell on the links of this long chain.

First we see Barbara Gillman, the clever young lady who "copped" one of Garneau's General Awards. She's a good student, a great worker, and an all-round sport. Barbara helped with the advertising, and that reminds us, here's the boss. Bill Baronsfeather, our advertising manager, has successfully disposed of a difficult task. It took energy and he has what it takes. But while we're talking of advertising, we should say a word about our star solicitor (at least one person thinks so), Mr. R. B. Burrows, and now we're on another story. R.B. and his partner take a Burrows Motors car and leave second period in the afternoon with a long list of prospects. They approach a few of these, then meet a friend from whom they borrow enough money for a cup of coffee. They are last seen in the Dutch Mill, looking tired and dejected after a hard afternoon's "think."

Now, here comes Eileen Longman. This young lady has proved herself in the making of Garneau's Tenth Annual Ballroom. Artistic? We should say so. Campbell Ower had a great deal to do with the decorations, too. However, his talent was given a greater test. Campbell deserves all the credit for the art-work on the second act scenery of "Charley's Aunt." Those walls were certainly a wonderful piece of work.

Arnold Harris has stepped out in sports as a fine example of Garneau's "athletic type" and taken his place in Junior Rugby, Senior Basketball and Junior Hockey.

Our President, Percy Powers, just can't keep away from G.H.S. He's back this year stronger than ever. Another President, Graham Campbell, is directing the movements of the Grad. Class Exec., following in his brother's footsteps but extending the tradition by becoming one of our advertising solicitors.

England loaned us a delightful visitor for a year, Mona Doncaster, and we wish we could have her longer. What about it, Charlie?

We seem to have at least two Virginia's in the school this year. One, Smith, or better known as "Smitty," and the other, Miller—we call her "Tudy." Tudy arrived at Garneau a year ago, but few discovered this bundle of enthusiasm and energy. She's an editor on the staff and an asset to the school.

Guess who! Yes, our Editor, Don Morrison, who has been walking around for several months now with multitudinous worries on his shoulders. He's a dangerous man, or haven't you met that "candid cameraman" of his staff? Joe Heath, a great lad, and a greater help on both the "Year Play" and "Year Book."

There's another "swell" girl. Dorothy Kaufman, one of our Room Rep.'s, who always carries a cheerful smile and has just as cheerful a disposition. She is an excellent driver.

Jimmy Dean—"Garneau's Tarzan"—who has the record number of lates for G.H.S., lives a block from the school. Jimmy with his shadow, Lloyd Algar, are now members of the church choir.

Next comes Isabel Howson. She has caused "Robbie" five grey hairs because she does insist on neglecting Algebra and Latin, but we know she'll come out on top. You're forgiven, Ike. That reminds us of Mr. Innes and his liking for asking Tom Percival questions in History. It doesn't seem to make much difference in your ambition, does it, Percy?

One of Garneau's originals almost, Mildred Saunders, came back this year to wear her paths in the halls of G.H.S. a little deeper. Welcome for even another year, Mildred.

One of our students came into blossom this year with the proper spirit. She showed her ability in the Year Play. You know who we mean—Sylvia Kirkpatrick. Another bright little girl helped bring glory to Garneau, Audrey Ladler, won the much-coveted Robert Tegler Scholarship, and also took a leading role in the Year Play. We are sure Audrey will go far in the field of study.

Garneau has always had tap-dancers, but now she has a "Tap-dance Troupe." They are Tommy, Rhoda and Reesor, three young people with lots of talent and a little more energy.

Oh yes, we have "silent" Bill Allin, who won't even give the girls of Garneau a slight grin—and he's so handsome too. Bill has held out where other men such as Bill Newson and Norman Willson have failed. Mr. Ainlay tells us that we should have no excitement in the school without "Fred-A-Steen" or Bob Steen. Bob is the "strong silent" type too, for he refuses to even show us a few steps, and he's such a proficient tap-dancer (we think). Fred is a member of the "old school" who is still taking Arithmetic to keep Mr. Ainlay company.

Belle, or rather Isabell, Ross, Girls' Sport Reporter, is a grand person to know. She is also a member of the Harmony Seven, our group of girl singers led by Margaret Peacock and Elsie Wiggins. These girls have sung many delightful numbers at the "lits," and we hope they will leave enough talent behind for next term to carry on the good work. Garneau has another gifted soloist, Doris McWhirter, or better known as "Garneau's Pet Canary," who delights us by singing on many a program.

Norman McCallum, Normie to most of us, returned to G.H.S. again with lots of ambition. He's "a great guy" and has always the right answer for Mr. Robertson.

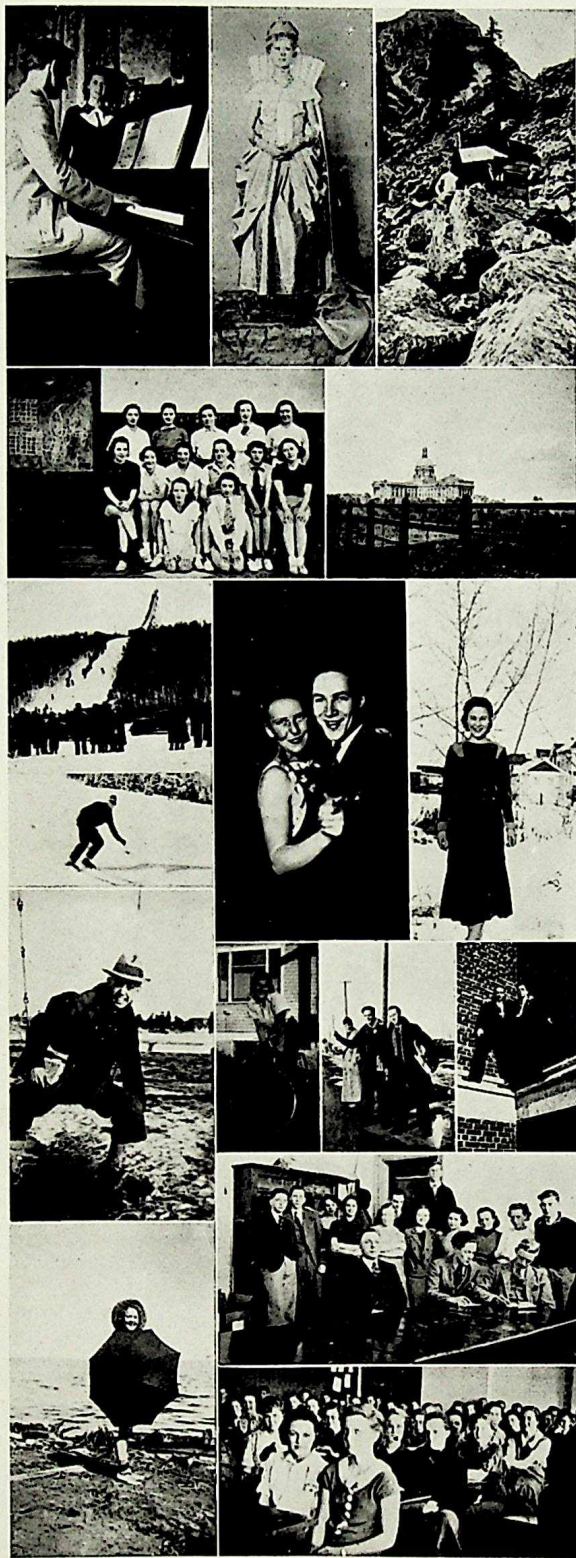
Garneau's own "butler," Karl Aalborg arrived back this term after a year's absence. Karl is a clever student, brilliant actor, and a "good scout."

A hurrying figure in the Hall is Don Robertson, no relation to Mr. Robertson, but one of the clan. A great lad, who sometimes has a hard time getting to school in the mornings.

Two young gentlemen whom we find with the proper Garneau spirit are Bill Nairn and Jack Fonger, who have rendered such valuable assistance in coaching the Girls' Junior and Senior Basketball teams.

Bill Wiggins, a pupil of the "old school," has surprised us all by turning into quite a Romeo. What say, Babe?

We have at Garneau again this year, our former President's rival, Mr. Timothy Cameron, the big fellow with the hat. Timmy is an ancient about G.H.S. and although he does take up so much room, we can always find a place for him. He's an expert salesman and decided to go in for feminine beauty this year; he certainly fooled us.



SNAPSHOTS

Cuthbertson and admirer
(singular). . . . The Queen. . . .
Just an old shanty. . . . The girls'
track team. . . . Winding our weary
way homeward. . . . Shipley, the
spectacular. . . . Dancing in the
dark. . . . My, ain't she cute? . . .
The missing link. . . . Speed on
wheels. . . . Thumb of the boys.
. . . Tarzan and mate.
And don't go near the water . . .
The seat and workings of a great
industry, Room 10, but where's the
industry?

This collage consists of 20 black and white photographs arranged in a grid-like fashion. The photos depict various scenes from a school year:

- Top Row:**
 - A long school hallway with lockers and a door at the end.
 - A student in a dark, wide-brimmed hat and coat, possibly in a costume.
 - A student in a dark coat standing in front of a building.
- Second Row:**
 - A student in a dark dress and white collar standing outdoors.
 - Two students, one in a dark coat and one in a light-colored coat, standing together.
 - A group of four students sitting outdoors.
- Third Row:**
 - Two students sitting on the ground outdoors.
 - A student standing next to a large white cow.
- Fourth Row:**
 - Three students standing together outdoors.
 - A dog standing on a grassy field.
 - A student on a wooden structure, possibly a stage or scaffolding.
- Fifth Row:**
 - A group of students standing in a line outdoors.
 - A student in a dark coat bending over a small animal on the ground.
 - A student sitting on the ground outdoors.
- Sixth Row:**
 - Two students standing outdoors.
 - A group of students sitting and standing in front of a building.
- Bottom Row:**
 - A large group of students sitting and standing in front of a building.
 - A group of students standing outdoors, some holding a book or paper.

[PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

WE DISCOVERED THIS YEAR

—That the "mighty mite" of Garneau, Harold Rodnunsky, makes such well-known faces as Jack Harley, Phil Scott's and Bob Clark's look like Methuselah!

—That Peter Chown, one of Garneau's "late-comers" is not the record-holder, but he is near the top. "Rooky" says that Peter is his best room student if he would only attend his classes once a week.

—Two classes from Grade XI have stepped forward. You'll be right in there to help next season, won't you Marion and Dorothy?

—That Dorothy McIntyre, who has graced Garneau's halls for the last couple of years, has certainly made her mark. Her smile and gay laugh have won her many a heart.

—One of the school's greatest gossips, who manages to mind everyone's business and sadly neglects his own. You know who I mean—Norman Rault.

—That we have in our ranks a young lady with a very feminine privilege of changing her mind so often, and likes to be called "Red" McClean rather than Marg.

—That Cammie Steer is an asset to any school, both on the field and in the classroom. But Cammie seems to have a weakness for blondes. It's great work Cam.

—That Frances Hall, just arrived from Oliver, causes Mr. Heywood some loss of sleep, but she's getting there.

—Don Macdonald, Garneau's one and only, who is always reporting to "Robbie" for some evil-doing, be it Composition, hookey, or advertising, whom we can't forget.

—That Frances Seager has developed a weakness for wearing her father's shoes.

—That "smiling" Murray Gibson passed his History for Miss Simpson.

—That Garneau is proud to claim two new-comers, Muriel Sutton and Christine Newson, who have thrilled Edmonton audiences with their fancy skating.

—That George Shipley, better known as "George Ray Rat Rastus Richard Shipley," has excelled himself on the ski-jump and in the "cross-country."

—That cheerful Fran, Miss Simpson's room rep., has proven her worth as a financier and we'll not forget her at election time next term.

—That Bob Chard arrived on the scene as Garneau's "bad boy." It's hard lines, Chard, but forty-five days isn't such a terribly long time is it for 90 m.p.h.

—That Frances Taylor, one of Garneau's "400," has good looks, personality and all that goes to make a real person!

—That Jack Buie, a shy young athlete from the Annex is forever being bothered in History by Bunny and Elsie—the troublesome pair.

—That Lois M., a newcomer to Garneau's ranks, has already two Romeos on her heels. How about it, Messieurs Talbot and Grant?

—That Barbara Nash, a young lady from Westmount, is a bright young lass, and we're glad to welcome her.

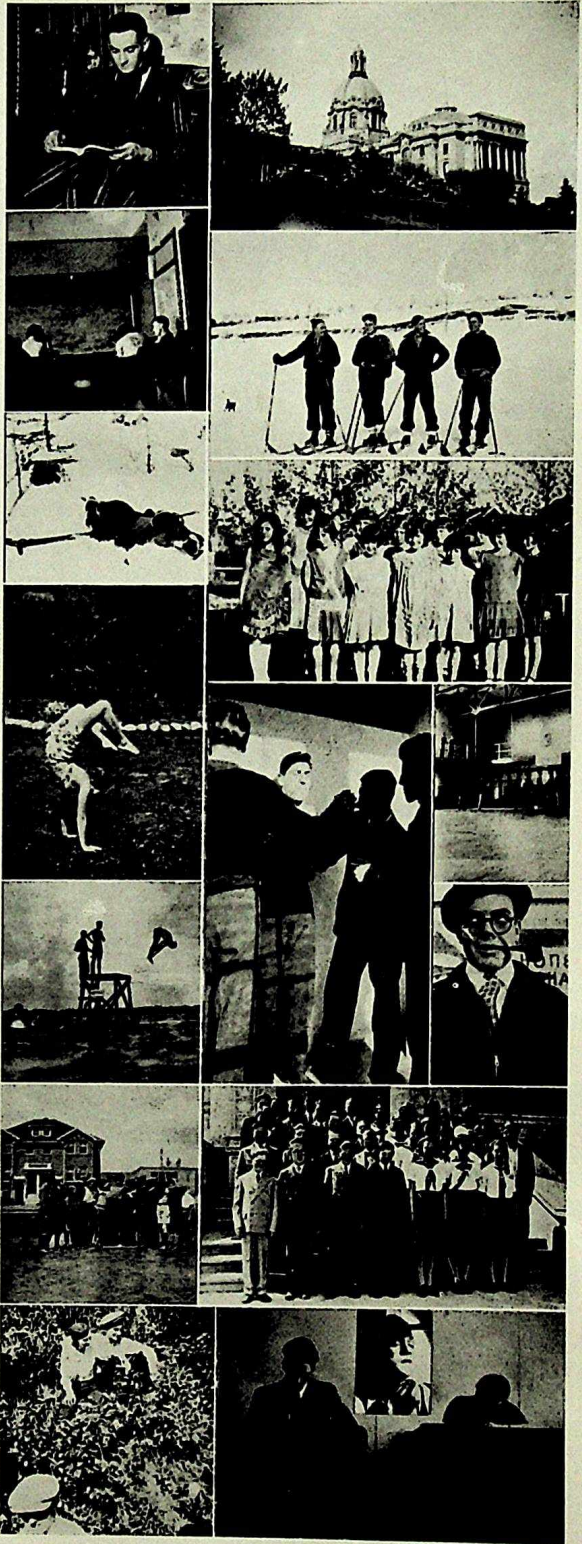
—Coupled with Mr. Innis we found that German I student, Harold Pearson. We heard that Harold just can't take German and that he would much rather spend the time dancing with a certain young lady in Mr. Burchell's room. We suggest he tell the whole story to Mr. Innis.

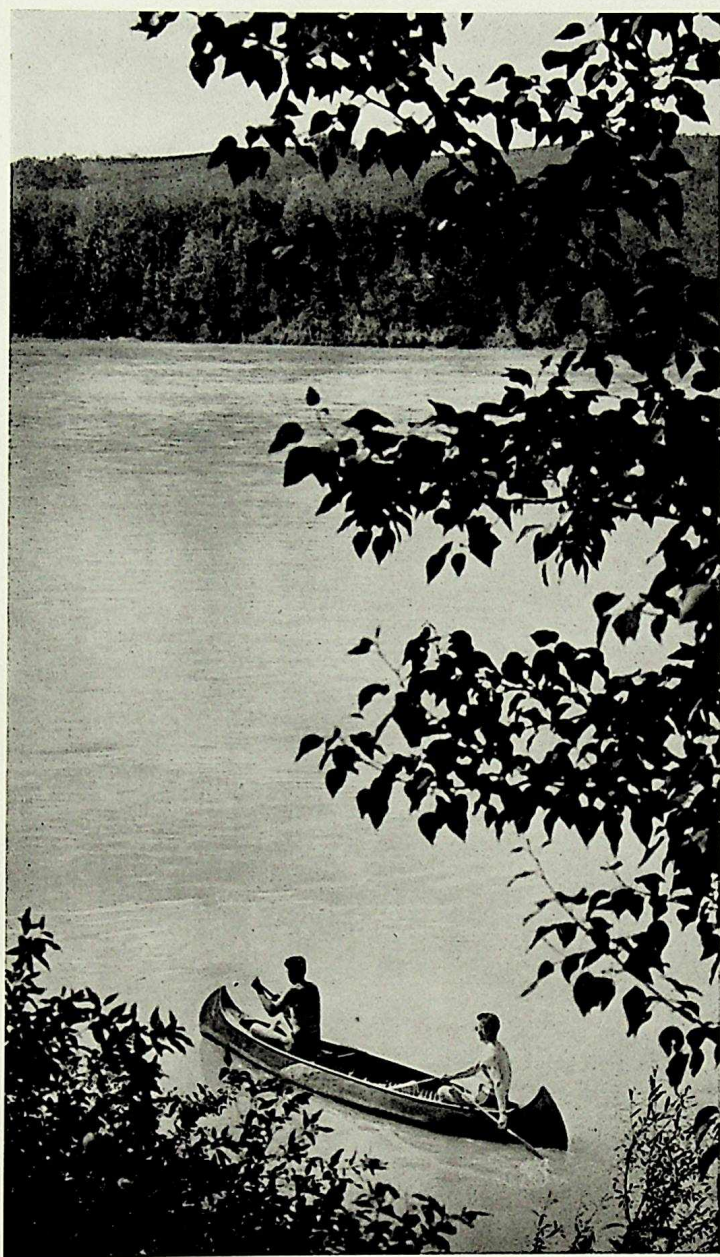
—That Scotty seems to have found a new Trig. pal from the south, and as a result, is attending classes much more regularly.

—That Bill Drever has had a great time keeping notes for Garneau. In fact, Mr. Robertson has given him a promotion to afternoon secretary for G.H.S. Good work, Bill! We attribute his success to that winning smile and happy disposition.

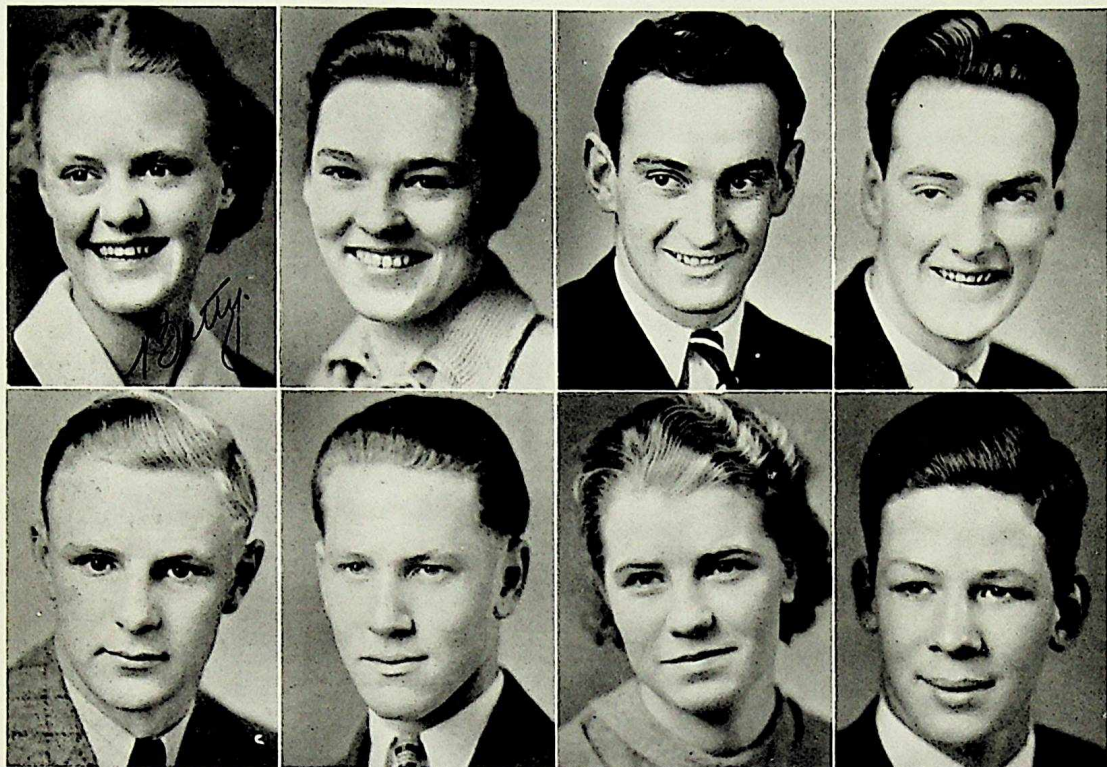
SNAPSHOTS

Cuthbertson in a pensive mood.
 . . . Ye Olde Parliamente Build-
 ings. . . . Memories of the dim
 past, days in the Annex. . . .
 Thompson on skis. . . . Thompson
 on face. . . . A group of Garneau's
 Deb's. . . . Oops, over she goes.
 . . . Shower-room fantasy. . . . The
 gym. . . . Ye olde swimming hole.
 . . . William Hiram Marshall. . . .
 Guess who? . . . Pick out the Gar-
 neauites. . . . Neil and protege.
 . . . Editor at work—we wonder?
 . . . Early morning blues.





Athletics



ATHLETIC AWARDS

BETTY BOWSER:

Junior Basketball, '37, '36.

KAY CAMERON:

Senior Basketball, '37 (Capt.), '36.
Track, '37.

NEIL CUTHBERTSON:

Senior Rugby, '37.
Senior Hockey, '37.
Track, '37.

BILL DREVER:

Junior Rugby, '37, '36.
Senior Hockey, '37 (Capt.)
Boxing, '36.

JIMMY DEAN:

Junior Rugby, '37, '36.
Senior Hockey, '37.
Sr. Basketball, '37, '36
Boxing, '36.

ARNOLD HARRIS:

Junior Rugby, '37, '36.
Bantam Rugby, '35.
Senior Basketball, '37, '36.
Junior Hockey, '37, '36.

JOAN SHERWIN:

Senior Basketball, '37.
Junior Basketball, '35.
Track, '37, '35.

KEN. SUTTON:

Senior Rugby, '37, '36.
Senior Hockey, '37, '36.
Track, '37.



SENIOR RUGBY

Standing (Left to Right)—Ken Rymer, inside; Bill Nairn, end; Bus Algar, quarter-back; Jack Fonger, middle; Fred Sage, inside; Jack Buie, mascot; Bob Clark, centre; Ken Sutton, half-back; Gordon McCannel, inside.

Kneeling—George Poole, inside; Wilf. Irwin, end; Captain Jimmy Dean, inside; Neil Cuthbertson, half-back; Sigurd Balfour, middle; Charlie Tarnow, end; Graham Campbell, half-back; Bill Marshall, centre.

Front—Pat Macdonald, trainer.

Absent—Jack Harley, half-back; Bill Gosling, half-back; Bill Baronsfeather, end; Horace Herlihy, half-back.

THE senior rugby team lost, to Varsity, seven stalwarts of her non-pareil lineup of '36. Despite this serious loss of veterans, Mr. Burchell turned out a contender for the honors, which no school could be ashamed of. The players, though mostly young and inexperienced, gave everything they had, under the steady influence of the several old hands on the team.

Garneau's perennial rivalry with Vic. broke out at the first encounter of the season. The team played hard and ruggedly, even if lacking polish and smoothness. Jack Harley was the only point-getter, and his punting raised envy in the hearts of many. Vic. was held in check until the dying moments of the game, but they broke loose and, aided by some "lovely" interference, tied up the game which ended 6-6. A second disappointment came when Separate was victorious 3-0. After two weeks of intensive drilling Garneau journeyed to Westmount, which was completely snowed under to the tune of 40-0.

The team really played well under Captain Jimmy Dean. In the Westmount game, George Poole, Gordon McCannel and several others showed their real worth. They will be tough fellows to meet when well organized in the future. Neil Cuthbertson, Charlie Tarnow, Bill Marshall, and Lloyd Algar exhibited their prowess which will likely help to restore Garneau's prestige in the next few years. Inexperience was undoubtedly the factor which cost G.H.S. the right to enter the playoffs.

[PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]



JUNIOR RUGBY

Standing (Left to Right)—Bill Newson, end; Jim Marshall, end; Tom Percival, centre; Ted Cohen, end; Roger Williamson, middle; Coach C. Burchell; Norman Rault, end; Pete Chown, middle; Jack Buie, middle; George Stuart, half-back.

Sitting—Jack Barclay, centre; Arnold Harris, quarter-back; Bill Drever, half-back; Captain Norman McCallum, half-back; Cameron Steer, inside; Bill Wiggins, inside.

Front—Charlie Harvie, end; Bernie Clarke, inside; Stan Hughes, inside; Murray Gibson, inside; Stan Martin, quarter-back; Jack Simpson, half-back.

Inset—Coach Scotty Brown.

AFTER ten years of unceasing effort, Garneau has finally attained superiority in city junior rugby, capturing the city title and trophy.

Sporting a team which was the best on record, Garneau's Gridmen ploughed through nine hard-fought games, winning all but one. They lost to Separate. A good indication of the team's ability is shown in the total number of points scored by the new champions. In all games played, Garneau's squad scored 153 points as compared with 15 scored by their opponents.

Putting up a last minute defence that had the large crowd cheering lustily, Garneau held a desperate Separate team scoreless in the final game of the season. The first score came in the opening stanza. After making yards three times in succession, Garneau worked its way to Separate's ten-yard line. On the last down Normy McCallum picked up a fumbled ball to run around the end for a touch down, which was converted. In the next quarter Bill Drever came from Separate's 40-yard line to the 15-yard line. Two bucks and McCallum hurdled the scrumage line for the second major score which was likewise converted. The Separate School boys, 12 points down, began to fight. In the last quarter, obtaining one first down after another, they fought their way to within a yard of Garneau's touch line. The crowd, gone wild, swarmed around the centre of play and hindered

progress for a few moments. At this moment of tense excitement, our men with their backs to the wall, threw aside three furious attacks of the Separate squad, and when the whistle blew, Garneau had won the city championship. Thus ended an unsurpassed junior schedule.

Each and every one of the boys had improved over last year. Normy McCallum exceeded his usual fine performance and as the league scorer chalked up 57 points for himself while "Willie" Drever was not far behind with 50 points. The ability of the other boys was highly in evidence. Charlie Harvie, Bill Newson and Stan Martin were right in there when it came to running. Charging into the line and making themselves felt were Cam. Steer, Tom Percival and Murray Gibson. Norman Rault and Arny Harris were especially good.

On the whole, a well-balanced club represented Garneau in the Junior Rugby League. Much is due to Mr. Burchell as manager, and Scotty Brown as coach. Scotty is well known in rugby circles as quarter-back on Edmonton's famous Eskimos and as coach of the Junior Eskimos and Young Liberals. He gave his valuable services unstintingly in order to bring the city junior title to Garneau. Without a doubt Scotty's "Canny" strategy and sound teaching turned the tide for G.H.S.

TRACK

PROBABLY because of lack of training, Garneau was unable to maintain her former high standards in this year's track meet. Only two girls and three or four boys finished "in the money" so to speak. Barbara Gillman and Elsie Tanner rated third in their respective events. The promising performances of Belle Ross, Betty Smith, Joan Sherwin and Pat Dobson, show that Garneau has no lack of material. Don Smith proved himself, with an excellent performance, to be the finest sprinter in the city, by winning the 100 and 220 yard dashes in Division III. Jack Fonger, Neil Cuthbertson and Bill Hewson, helped to raise points for G.H.S.

Let's hope for better luck next fall, and, all you athletic lads and lasses, get your spikes in shape to "track" for dear old Garneau.

BOWLING

THE bowling enthusiasts in the school are holding their place quite well this year. In the first half-season they managed to make the finals but lost to Tech. The second half saw them first place in the league, and now as this article is written they are ready for the semi-finals with great hopes.

The team: Ralph Couper (Captain), Gordon Sutherland, John Brownlee, Stan Martin, Sam Lieberman, with Sigurd Balfour, Roy Walker and Harold Rodnunsky as spares.

BADMINTON

THEY'RE at it again, those batty birdmen of the Badminton Club. Last year saw the inauguration of this interesting sport into Garneau, and this year we find the enthusiasts playing with undiminished intensity.

The club members are: Isabel Howson, Murray Gibson and Leslie Lockerbie as top players, and Dorothy Martin, Ora Davidson, Bob Clarke, Marion Lockerbie, Dorothy Kaufman, Audrey Staples, Dorothy McIntyre, still fighting it out.

The interest in this branch of sport certainly seems to warrant our whole-hearted support.



GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL

Standing (Left to Right)—Phyllis Sherwin, Doris Phillips, Kay Cameron, Gladys Lund, Helen Cohen, Daisy Jacknisky, Kay McLellan.

Kneeling—Bill Nairn, Coach; Edith Ash, Frances Story, Mickey MacKinnon, Iris Adams, Capt.

BASKETBALL season opened this year with a House League, a team being entered from each room. Near Christmas, a regular senior team was chosen and coached by Iris Adams. Shortly after the league started Bill Nairn took over the coaching.

In the first of a three-game series with Scona for the South Side Championship, Garneau lost 11-16, mainly because of lack of team-work and very poor shooting. They rallied in the second game and by close checking and much better shooting, won 27-16. In the third game, Garneau won by a large margin. The winning of this series gave the team the right to play off for the city championship.

In the meanwhile, Separate had done surprising things and had beaten the strong Victoria team, thus becoming the North Side champions.

Separate and Garneau played two games for total number of points. Garneau lost rather badly. This was due largely to the poor shooting for their team-work was much better than what they had previously shown.

Despite this loss of the city championship, the girls have learned a great deal that will help them to have a bigger and better team next year. We are all looking forward to their being next year's champions.

We are very grateful for both Iris Adams' and Bill Nairn's valuable coaching. We should like to express our thanks to John Moore for the games he has attended to help with the time-keeping, and to Jimmy Dean for his splendid refereeing.



GIRLS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Standing (Left to Right)—Pat Dobson, Kitty Caswell, Barbara Gillman, Norma Brown, Joan Glover, Leone Elliott.

Kneeling—Nadine Burpee, Betty Bowser, Joan Sherwin, Jack Fonger (Coach).

LAST year's fine coaching and experience did much for this year's junior team. They have a finish that was lacking last year because many had just then really begun to play.

The juniors started out the season well by defeating Strathcona on enemy territory. It was not surprising therefore that they overcame Scona by a good margin on our own floor. The winning of these two games gave them the South Side Championship.

Our juniors had plenty of enthusiasm and turned out well to practices. Our thanks go out to Jack Fonger for his fine coaching.

However, they were up against a tough proposition when they went out to play against McDougall Commercial for the city championship. We all know the reputation which that school has for basketball. Despite the impossible task of trying to win, our juniors fought bravely every moment of the final games. Our team did their very best but their opponents' skill and experience in a great deal of team work was too much for them.

Despite the fact that they lost the city championship, the team is one of the best we have had for several years. Many of the players will be with us next year and we look forward to having then, the best junior basketball team that we have ever had. All the school wishes the best of luck to the juniors who will be playing on next year's team.



BOYS' SENIOR BASKETBALL

Standing (Left to Right)—Coach Eddie Oldring, Captain Jimmy Dean, Jack Gair, Bob Clark, Jack Fonger, Tom Thompson, Bill Nairn.

Sitting—Johnny Moore, Frank Hazlett, Arnold Harris, Stan Hughes, Jack Barclay.

GARNEAU organized its first Boys' Senior Basketball this year under the captainship of Jimmy Dean. The team was fortunate in obtaining the services of Eddie Oldring, who, had he been with them from the start, undoubtedly would have produced greater results.

The boys played seven games altogether, and were defeated several times. The worst score was in the game against Vic—Garneau losing 47-4. On March 24th, our team played Coach Percy Page's Macdougall Commercial team for the possession of the Queen Victoria Challenge Cup. The first half saw the Garneau lads outscore the title-holders and indications pointed toward a G.H.S. victory. In the third quarter, however, the Macdougall team went to town in a big way, scoring 17 against 2 for Garneau. Our boys were unable to tie up the game and when the final whistle blew, Macdougall had retained the cup with a score of 56-36.



SENIOR HOCKEY

Standing—Bus Algar, Ken Sutton, Geno Battagin, Coach M. Rookwood, John Shaw, Jimmy Dean, Neil Cuthbertson.

Sitting—Charlie Tarnow, Jack Simpson, Captain Bill Drever, Jim Hooper, George Stuart.
Front—Pat Macdonald, mascot.

Absent—Bill Gosling, Jack Harley, Don Macdonald.

THE Garneau Senior Hockey Team failed to gain the finals this year, probably through lack of co-operation. There can be no doubt as to the ability of the players for several play on city junior teams. The boys through the absence of interest, time or school spirit, let things slip a little. Seldom was there a full team out to practices. However, when they did play, they gave very creditable performances and doubtless would have made things of quite a different color had there been more co-operation.

In the league opener, Garneau was defeated 3-1, Geno Battagin scoring the lone marker, and narrowly missing several others. Eastwood had gained a long-sought triumphant victory over Garneau. In the second game Garneau reversed the order and trimmed Tech. 7-0, thereby showing what might have been. In the final game of the schedule, Separate defeated G.H.S. 3-2, with the help of a disputed goal, thus pushing our team out of the play-off picture.

In the challenge game for the Harris Cup, Garneau again showed her prowess by winning the trophy for the second year in succession, defeating Scona 1-0 on a goal by Jim Hooper. Jim, incidentally was the team's top scorer for the year. He was ably supported by the school's newcomer, Geno Battagin, who helped put more life into the team by his enthusiasm on the ice. Captain Bill Drever played splendidly in goal, and Bill Gosling and Charlie Tarnow deserve credit for their work at defence.

As coach, Mr. Rookwood skilfully guided the team through another season. The 1937 edition was, however, not able to retain the city championship; but why worry, there's next year!



JUNIOR HOCKEY

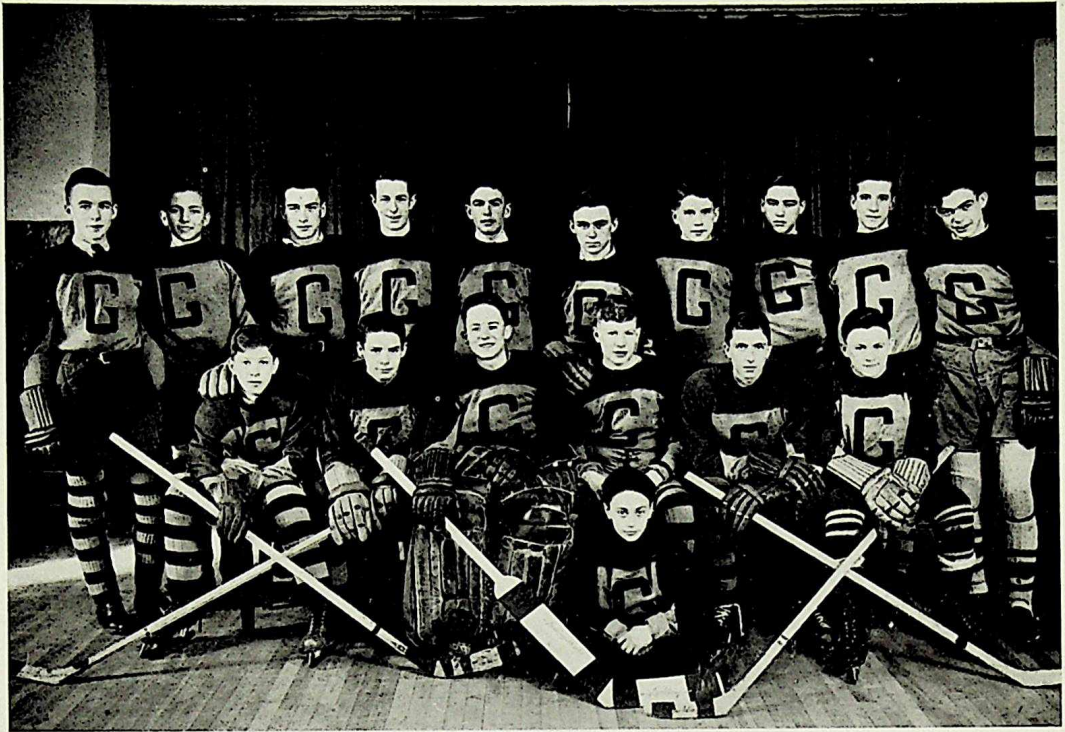
Standing (Left to Right)—Charlie Harvie, Captain Murray Gibson, Jim Marshall, Reesor Kaufman, Stan Waters, Stan Bryant.
Sitting—Arnold Harris, Ted Cohen, Bill Newson, Bill Emery, Jim Cunningham.

DUE to bad weather, the juniors were unable to play two out of the five games scheduled this year.

In the first game the boys played Scona Commercial. The team was apparently no match for Scona but they certainly deserved a much better fate than was given them. The score was no true indication of the play. When the last game rolled around the Garneau-ites by considerable more practice had whipped themselves into something more closely resembling good shape and took Scona 3-2. It was a close hard-fought game, but Garneau took full value for the win.

Many of the team members played well. Ted Cohen played a fine game against Scona, scoring two out of the three goals. The honors were however divided amongst several of the fellows: Arnold Harris, Captain Murray Gibson, Charlie Harvie and Jim Cunningham, taking the major parts.

Mr. Ainlay, who has been coaching hockey games around G.H.S. for as long as we can remember, trained the boys thoroughly and well. Every night or so, the team could be seen plugging up and down the ice at the rink behind the school, while Coach Ainlay offered encouragements and practical suggestions. The school assures Mr. Ainlay of its appreciation of his good work.



BANTAM HOCKEY

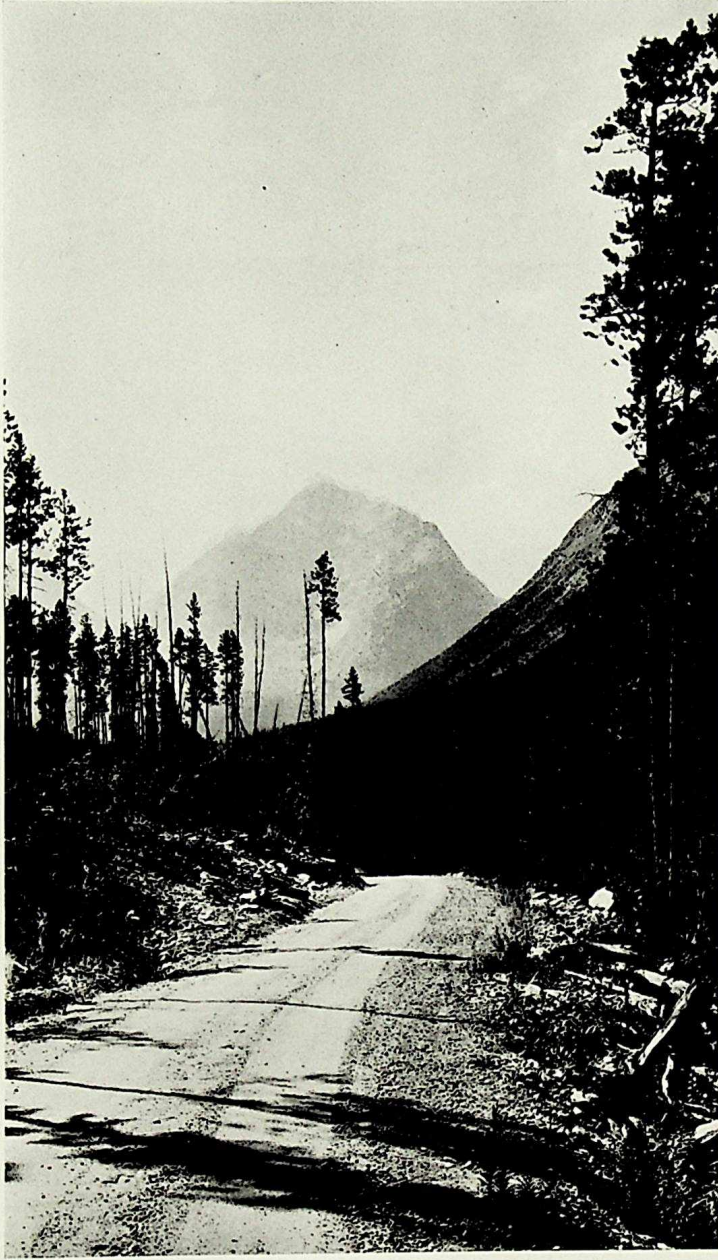
Standing (Left to Right)—Hugh Clark, Dick Bailey, Bill Howey, Doug. Gilchrist (Manager), Jim Chalmers, Gerald Tessier, Tony Lefroy, Bob Clarke, Lea Millar, Harry Williamson.
Sitting—Sam Lieberman, Jack Isaac (Captain), Howey Blefgen, Jack Bell, Jack Bailey, Bob Cross.
Front—Harold Rodnunsky (Mascot).

THIS YEAR Garneau's first edition of Bantam pucksters was successful in reaching the city finals.

Playing through the schedule undefeated, Garneau lost out to Scona in the final with a score of 2-1. In the opening game Garneau High School defeated Separate 5-2, and followed this with victories over Tech., Vic. and Scona, the scores being 2-1, 3-0 and 4-3 respectively. Having thus obtained league leadership, it looked as if Garneau were a sure "cert" for the city championship. But all hopes were dashed to the ice when Scona stepped out and beat the boys. In this game, played at Varsity, the team was behind all the way, but dangerously so, until the final bell went. The only goal scored for Garneau was obtained by Gerald Tessier, noted for his ability to pick up speed in a short time.

A number of boys showed themselves to be an asset to any school hockey club, and should make good juniors. Among these were Jack Isaac, Jack and Dick Bailey, and Howie Blefgen.

Trying his hand at coaching was Bus Algar who trained the lads well and who was able to teach them quite a bit more than they knew before. All in all the Bantam Hockey League was a great success, as far as Garneau was concerned.



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•
John Brownlee: "How did you break your leg?"

Stan Martin: "I threw a cigarette down a man-hole and stepped on it."

•
Sigurd Balfour: "Do you believe in the power of prayer?"

Ruth Gilchrist: "I would if you had gone home on hour ago."

•
1st Dumb Hunter: "How do you detect an elephant?"

2nd Dumb Hunter: "You can tell by a faint odour of peanuts on its breath."

•
Lillian McGavin: "I've had many men at my feet."

Bob Grant: "I've had trouble with my dogs, too."

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Walter Gainer: "Why is a sheet of writing paper like a lazy dog?"

Milton Clark: "I'll bite. Why?"

Walter: "A sheet of writing paper is an ink-lined plane, and an inclined plain is a slope up, and slow pup is a lazy dog."

Garageman: Check your oil.

Motorist: No, I'll take it with me.

Hugh Redmond: "Is Mr. Heywood 'round?"

John Symes: "Almost."

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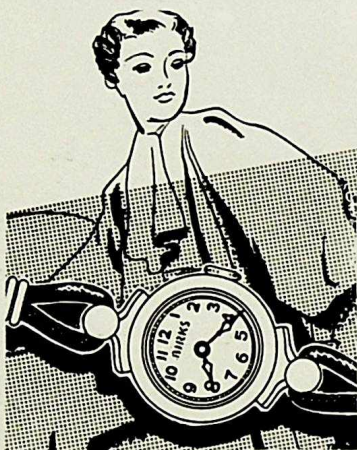
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Mr. Robertson: "Are you back for good, Don?"

Don Robertson: "No, but I expect to stay here."

Scotch Rugby yell: "Get that quarter back!"

Miss Cato: "What do you know of the Latin Syntax?"

Jack Harley: "Did they have to pay for their fun, too?"

Girl in drug store: "Have you any life buoy?"

Clerk: "Set the pace, lady, set the pace."

He: "There are so many Chinese in the world that every time I breathe, one dies."

She: "Did you every try Listerine?"

Bill Drever: "May I have this dance?"

Leslie Lockerbie: "Sure, if you can find a partner."

Q.: What goes 99-plonk, 99-plonk, 99-plonk, etc.?

A.: A centipede with a wooden leg.

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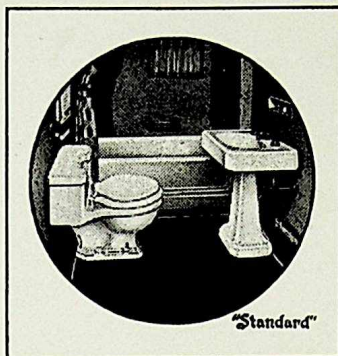
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Harold Rodnunsky: the smallest mental genius in Garneau. Occupation: bowling and flirting. Favorite expression: "Hi muzz!" (dumb, eh?)

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PO-UM

Bobbie has a little lamb
Her fleece is blonde as snow
And everywhere that Bobbie goes
His lamb is sure to go.

—Ann Onomus.

•
Mr. Ainlay: "Why were you so late this morning, Jimmy?"

J. Dean: "The bell rang before I got here."

•
Reesor Kaufman: is a well known man-about-school; the boy with the promising tap-toes. Reesor will get ahead (he needs one!).

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EXCHANGES

UNTIL this year "The Garneau" has not been considered a fixed part of the institution, and its continuance has been doubtful. Now, however, our volume has a satisfactory basis and those of succeeding years will doubtless follow this, and therefore all we need is a method for keeping in contact with other Year Books and new ideas. Exchange is that method. It broadens our outlook, cultivates a better understanding, for reading is the next best contact to actually meeting, and thus forms a link with schools of other countries as well as our own.

With a view to improving our own book, and perhaps giving ideas to others, we are starting an Exchange List. Soon a library may be built up, and many pleasant hours spent in reading of school activities in other parts of the world. The time would be well spent, even though we may not be interested in Tom Smith's Basketball score.

The staff of "The Garneau" will be very grateful for Exchanges arranged with any of the expected publications listed here.

"Westward Ho," Western Tec. Commerce, Toronto.

"Review," Trinity College, Toronto.

"Lux Glebana," Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa.

"Times," Kingston Collegiate Vocational Institute, Kingston, Ont.

"King's School Magazine," Parramatta, Australia.

"High School of Quebec Annual," Quebec, P.Q.

"The King Edward's School Chronicle," Birmingham, England.

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"Zuoz," des Lyceums in Zuoz, Zuoz, Switzerland.
 "Royal Military College Review," Kingston, Ontario.
 "The Campbellian," Campbell College, Belfast, Ireland.
 "Ye Flame," Central Collegiate Institute, Regina, Sask.
 "Vox Lycei," Lisgar Collegiate Institute, Ottawa, Canada.
 "Tokay Year Book," Lodi Union High School, Lodi, California.
 "Michigan State College Review," East Lansing, Michigan.
 "High School Magazine," High School of Glasgow, Scotland.
 "Red and White," Lowell High School, San Francisco.
 "Kitsilano High School Life," Kitsilano High School, Vancouver, B.C.
 "The Voyageur," Pickering College, Newmarket, Ontario.
 "High School Annual," Strathmore High School, Strathmore, Alberta.
 "Analecta," Central Collegiate Institute, Calgary, Alberta.
 "The Bugle," Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alberta.
 "Aurora," Edmonton Normal School, Edmonton, Alberta.
 "The Chinook," Calgary Normal School, Calgary, Alberta.
 "Blue and White Semi-Annual," Los Angeles High School, Los Angeles, California.

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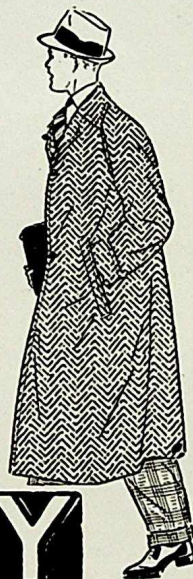
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GARNEAU HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI

THE Garneau High School Alumni has definitely established itself as an organization. It has been approved that one major dance be held each year to replace the minor functions of other years. At the Macdonald Hotel on November 22nd, 1936, former Garneau High School students reunited at the Fall Formal, a most successful dance. Receiving were the president, Stuart Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Allison, Miss Porteous, whom we know as our Latin teacher, and Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Innes. At the conclusion of the evening, elections were held for the coming year, and the 1937-38 officers are Keith Millar, president; Jim Banford, vice-president; Nancy Corbett, secretary-treasurer, and the executive consisting of Evelyn Kinnear, Doris Thomlinson, Marion Williams, Jack Charlesworth, Jack Dinning, and Chester Prevey.

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A man took his wife and small son for a journey in a sleeping car, and the boy was put in the top berth. It was his first experience of a Pullman, and when the lights were put out he felt very strange. He said,

"Daddy, are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Go to sleep, son."

After a while, "Mummy, are you there?"

"Yes, dear, I'm here. Go to sleep."

This was repeated intermittently until a fellow passenger lost his patience and shouted, "Yes, your father is here. Your mother is here. All your relations are here. Now go to sleep, you little brat."

There was a long pause, and then an awed little voice came in the darkness. "Mummy, was that God speaking?"

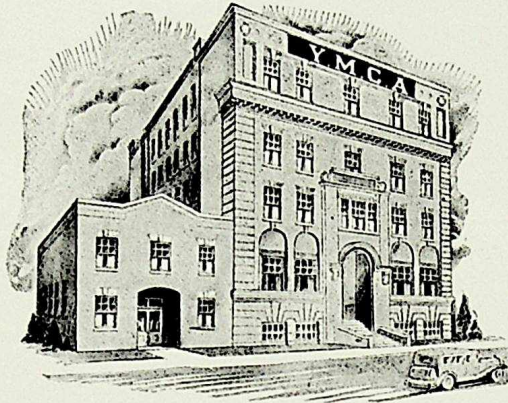


He: "May I have the last dance?"

She: "You've just had it."

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JOS. T. BARRATT, General Secretary

We saunter slowly down toward the cafeteria, and who should appear in front of us but (you guessed it) Mr. Ainlay and Mr. Burchell, known as "H.D." and "Butch". H.D., our Arithmetic maestro, who swings a wicked baton, has always coached the Junior Hockey teams which have the knack of putting up some stiff opposition. Mr. Burchell coaches Rugby and shuts his eyes to a good many things. We hope he keeps up the good work.

Mr. Innes comes on the scene, and we hear a lot of "Gee, what'll I tell 'Dunk' today?" It sounds terrible, but our imagination is great. He's a good scout too. Mr. Innes has coached Senior and Junior Rugby teams, turning out a great many well-known players—some now at 'Varsity. We wouldn't know what to do with Room 6 without Mr. Innes.

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Cleopatra: "No, dear. Let him keep on thinking so."

Mr. Clark: "How many natural magnets are known of?"

G. Shipley: "Two, sir."

Mr. Clark (surprised) — "Yes! and will you please name them?"

Shipley: "Blondes and Brunettes, sir."

Doug Lorrie: "Did you know that the first columnist was Sampson?"

Bob Dingman: "Sampson?"

Doug: "Sure, didn't he bring the house down with two columns?"

Jean Powers: "I'm going to Hollywood this summer just like Jack Fonger did."

Jack Barclay: "I'll bet you won't come back as fast as he did."

Jean: (In surprise) "Oh! Do you think he's fast?"

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Few of you who read this can remember. Nevertheless such was the condition, 30 years ago, of this and many other sections of the city—districts then but sparsely settled with only an occasional dwelling here and there among the brush along the few muddy trails that served for streets in those horse and buggy days.

A lot of water has passed under the High Level since then and what a marvellous transformation has taken place.

Similar growth and progress has marked the development of the Edmonton City Dairy, an organization established over 30 years ago by Mr. W. W. Prevey. It has grown up with the city in the service of the people.

Then, as now, and throughout the intervening years, it has been the leading dairy—the largest and best—with products and service of a constant high quality and dependability.

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Joyce Manning: "But why the night clothes?"

Ken: "Well, this is a night school!"

Sap: "Postmaster? Is there a letter for me?"

Postmaster: "I don't know — what's your name?"

Sap: "Don't worry—it'll be on the envelope."

"This place is full of Hollywood flies."

"Hollywood flies?"

"Sure—they passed the screen test!"

Mickie: "I'm delicate—I was an incubator baby!"

Tony: "Gee, that's tough. It must be awful on Mother's Day to send flowers to a stove."

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Walking east on the third floor, we meet none other than Mr. Rookwood. Better known to many of us as "Rooky," he teaches Algebra and Geometry, and coaches the Senior Hockey team which usually wins at least one cup. Mr. Rookwood appears very angry sometimes, but at heart you can't beat him.

Miss Diller, Garneau's one and only French teacher. She always has a pleasant smile which shows up a cheerful disposition. We couldn't do without her.

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She liked his grand "Superior" ways,
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GARNEAU ON SKIS

ALWAYS a leader in sports activities, it is only natural that Garneau should be well represented in what is rapidly becoming the most popular of winter sports—skiing. Thus it seems only proper that some mention of skiing activities should be made in this Year Book.

Edmonton is a skier's paradise. A short cross-country run brings any number of thrilling hills within easy access. Among the most popular hills are those at the Municipal and Mayfair golf courses, around the vicinity of Whitemud, the Alpine hills, Country Club, Big Island—and so on. Everyone has his own particular, favorite haunt. Whitemud is by far the most popular with Garneauites, for, besides being not too far distant, and having many fine slopes, it has the added attraction of the "Ski Inn," where one can enjoy hamburgers and coffee while swapping ski-notes.

Not content with the many thrills and dangers afforded by this local selection of fine hills, this year saw many thrill-hunters take the snow-trains and make for the heart of the Canadian Rockies — Banff. There last February, I, myself, saw a number of Garneauites burning up the 45° slope on Mt. Norquay with the best of them. That daring skier, George Shipley, was not content until he had sailed over the two hundred and fifty foot jump, which, incidentally, he made.

With all the skiing interest and talent evident in Garneau, it seems to me about time that we formed a school ski-club. I know that there would be no lack of fine material with which to build up one of the best clubs in the city—and Garneau would lead again!

—HUGH DAVIDSON.

Lucille Wells: "Oh, look the players are covered with mud. How do you think they will get it off?"

Ronny Cooper: "What do you think the scrub team is for?"

Marjorie Everard: the girl who's causing some commotion among the X boys. Her pet hobby is Tony Lefroy, (Tony's chief competitor is Don Fonger.) Favorite song: "I got trouble, double trouble."

Willet (Roundhouse) Ritchie is so dumb he thinks Rudy Vallee is a place between two hills.

John Shaw: (at hockey game) "Hurray, the games 'on ice'."

Jock Bell: "What is a Coronation robe?"

Bill Emery: "It's a reign coat."

Rhod Browne: "My girl won a beauty prize."

Bill Christmas: "Where? at a raffle?"

John Wilson: "The horn on this car won't work."

Bill Spencer: "It's just indifferent."

John: "It's what?"

Bill: "It doesn't give a hoot."

"Sure they had books way back in the garden of Eden. In fact, Adam and Eve were the first book-keepers?"

"Adam and Eve were the first book-keepers?"

"Yes—didn't they invent the loose-leaf system?"

He seized her in the dark and kissed her,
And for a moment bliss was his;
"Oh my! I thought it was my sister?"
He said. She laughed and said, "It is."

Mr. Robertson: "Now this is so simple that a child could do it."

Trig. Class: (in chorus) "Where's the child?"

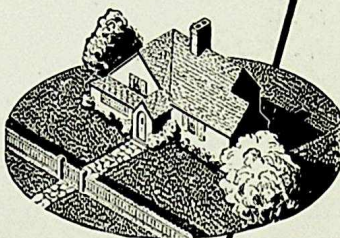
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Jack Gain: "What's the idea of wearing your sock inside out?"

Jim Cunningham: "There's a hole on the other side."

"It's the little things that tell," said Betty Percival, as she dragged the kid brother from under the sofa.

Editor: "Sorry—, we can't accept it.

Gord. Gainer: "But, sir, I put my whole mind into it."

Editor: "I told you we don't print blank verse."

Reesor: "Will you marry me?

Helen: (Heiress) "No, I'm afraid not.

Reesor: "Aw, come on, be a support."

Macbeth: "Have I told you about my apparition?"

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Mr. Clark: "How can I tell the horsepower of my car?"

Lloyd Algar: "Just lift the lid and count the plugs."

Ruth Bryant: "Pat Macdonald's hair is like heaven."

Lila Oakes: "Why?"

Ruth: "No parting there."

Mr Burchell: "Jim! Wake up and tell the class where Minnie Haha lived."

Roxborough: "At's easy—In her little tee-hee."

Helen Huff: a newcomer to Garneau's ranks; is quite an upstanding socialite in school. (Boy, that's a tall one!) Favorite occupation: knocking hats off racks.

Some of these jokes should be written on tissue paper so one could see thru them (n'est-ce pas).

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Hugh Clark: Hugh to you (not bad, eh!) is Garneau's "champeen wine gurgler" 'tis said. Favorite class is fourth period in the morning (oh, the irony of it all). Slogan: The wine song. "Wine you bring some more." Scuz pliz!

•

Miss Cato (to Ian Dunlop): "Ian, do you take Latin?"

No answer.

Miss Cato: "Ian, do you take Latin?"

Ian Dunlop: "I—I don't know."

•

Jim Marshall: the boy with the jockey style cap. His favorite pas-time is getting tangled in big words. Jim is an all round good sport. Favorite saying: "Hi Walt." Occupation: Joan Glover.

•

Silence isn't always golden, sometimes it's just plain yellow.

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Down in the depths of G.H.S. dwells a man who teaches Physics, Trig., Comp. and Math. How could it be anyone but Mr. Heywood? He makes a great hit with all the students, and this year he was elected Honorary President of the Students' Union.

Mr. Clark: "What's the deadliest poison known?"

Dave Jacox: "Aviation."

Mr. Clark: "Aviation! Explain yourself!"

Dave: "Well, one drop will kill."

Roy Olson: "I wonder why they have knots on the ocean instead of miles?"

Esther Hobeck: "Well, you see, they've got to have the ocean tide."

Betty V.: "Do you know anything about dancing?"

Bob Clark: "Sure—I found out why they call that dance 'Truckin.'"

Betty: "Why?"

Bob: "Because there's always a little waggin' behind!"

The following interesting experiment was performed by two Grade XI Chemistry students (not in class):

Potassium Iodide plus Sulphur under light pressure acts as follows:
 $KI + 2S = KISS$.

The experiment is dangerous as the above results are not always obtained. Instead, the reaction might be violent. Never attempt experiment in presence of strong light.

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Cop (sadly): "Do you know, Miss, you were doing 65 there?"

Sweet Young Thing: "Gee! Isn't that fine? And I only learned to drive yesterday!"

Mr. Clark: "What makes summer days longer than winter ones?"

—: "Heat expands them."

"Watt are you doing here?"

"Eating currents," replied the apprentice. "Anode you'd catch me at it."

"Never mind, but why were you insulate this morning?"

"Leyden bed."

"Can't your relay shunts get you up?"

"Amperently not."

"Fuse going to do that every day, you can go ohm," said the boss and the connection was broken right there.

A: "Someone passed a counterfeit quarter on me and I can't get rid of it."

B: "Don't you ever go to church?"

Teacher: "Names of your parents, please?"

—: "Mama and Papa."

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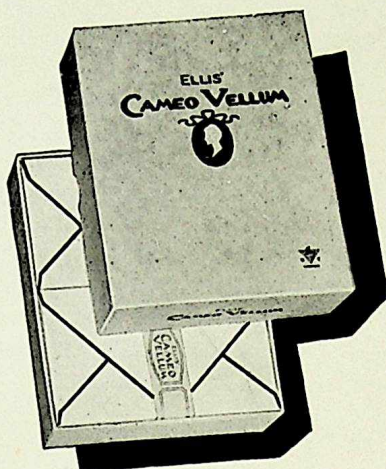
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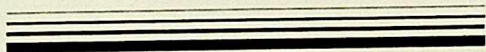
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The Garneau Year Book is produced by this firm, and we wish to pay tribute to the young men and women who have worked so hard to provide us with good, clear copy and given every possible assistance in the preparation of this work. May they have every success in the future.



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L'ENVOI

AGAIN "The Garneau" has risen out of apparent chaos to its present form. Its publication is earlier this year by about one month, and the number of pages is increased. However, there are bound to be questions regarding changes, especially the price.

This year Garneau High School was separated from the Annex with the resulting loss of about one hundred students, which caused a rise above the fifty cents charged last year. The Christmas edition was incorporated in the Year Book, and more material was inserted, raising the price to one dollar. Is it too much for such a volume?

Now that we have straightened out the most important question, let us say a word or two about our advertisers. Though they have cut down their annual advertising expenditure, most of them branching out to radio, they have still enabled the students of Garneau to put out another Year Book. To repay them, we would ask you to mention "The Garneau" when you make purchases from our patrons, for that is the only way they can tell how much business we really do give them. Even though it seems foolish for you to say, "I saw your ad in 'The Garneau'," to some clerk, it will eventually reach the manager. Show your spirit, Garneauites; you're helping next year's staff.

Only one thing remains to be said. We have succeeded in producing this Anniversary Edition; may next year's staff be as successful.

—THE STAFF "THE GARNEAU" '37.
